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Under New Management

SINCE we wish Sir Winston many years of life as an active back-bencher below the gangway, this is not the time to pay him a lengthy tribute. His resignation—sadly muffled by the absence of national newspapers—removes from the highest level the last of the wartime Big Three just at the moment when the peace talks on which he had set his heart are becoming a real possibility. It was because he always felt more at ease in a national coalition than in a party government that he both sorely tried this Conservative administration and yet gave it an aura of statesmanship which served it well. The young men (now growing old) who have been waiting for his resignation with increasing impatience will probably manage the Cabinet proceedings better than he did in these latter months; yet they may find that in the Old Man they have lost an irreplaceable asset in their relations with the electorate as well as in international affairs.

Under the new Prime Minister the Tory Party reverts after fifteen years to traditional Tory leadership. The new management is, in fact, a return to the old management. Sir Anthony Eden, Premier designate, closely flanked by Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Butler in the Commons, and sustained by Lord Salisbury in the Lords—is most unlikely to inaugurate any of those adventurous policies which have—at least spasmodically—attracted Sir Winston throughout his life. These young men are far older at heart than the boyish buccaneer of 80 who has just given way to them. They are capable and conscientious party politicians—replacing a national prodigy.

Undoubtedly the position of Sir Anthony Eden is both exposed and precarious. No one who knows this Parliament would deny that if the succession had to be decided by a secret ballot of the 1922 Committee, Mr. Butler would have won it by a handsome majority. Though he is an excellent diplomatist, a successful debater, and enjoys wide popularity in the country, the new Prime Minister's hold on the Tory machine is extremely weak. Here he has some good friends but far more eager rivals. In the months ahead, he will be a Prime Minister on trial, and neither Mr. Butler nor Mr. Macmillan will do much to save him from the consequences of mistakes or misfortunes. Ambition is the most powerful motive in politics, and in the Tory party the struggle for power is waged as mercilessly (if with less ideological argument and public disagreement) as it is in the Labour Party. If Sir Anthony can guess right about the most favourable date for an election and lead his Party to victory, even then he will have to be continuously successful in order to survive. A Labour victory, on the other hand, would probably cut short his leadership of the Tory Party when it had scarcely begun.

The first decision which he has to take, therefore—the timing of the appeal to the country—will seal Sir Anthony's own fate. There is no doubt what Mr. Butler wants him to do. With short time in Lancashire and the gold reserves still precarious, he needs an election as soon as possible. In this he is supported by Conservative Party headquarters, and their joint demand is strengthened by the undeniable fact that this Parliament has been moribund for months, and can only be revived by a rapid blood transfusion. This could only be given by an immediate declaration on the part of the new Prime Minister, silencing election rumours and making it clear that he has decided to carry on until much nearer the end of the five-year Parliamentary term.

Temperamentally Sir Anthony probably inclines to this second alternative, which is more closely in tune with the aristocratic tradition of politics to which he and Lord Salisbury adhere. But we shall be surprised if he asserts his will and gets his way. Far more likely, he will defer to the cool but insistent reasoning of the Chancellor and concede the snap summer election which the Party managers calculate will enable them to exploit both Sir Winston's leadership and Sir Winston's resignation as electoral assets.

The News in Review

THE newspaper stoppage continues, with no settlement in sight. On Friday, April 1, representatives of the N.P.A. and London district officials of the A.E.U. and E.T.U. met, in separate rooms, at the Ministry of Labour. The gap between 58s. 6d. demanded by the maintenance engineers and electricians, and 10s. 6d. a week offered by the N.P.A., proved unbridgeable; and the Minister appointed a court of inquiry (Sir John Forster, Q.C., chairman; Mr. S. M. Caffyn, proprietor of south coast garages, and Mr. W. P. J. P. Webber, General Secretary of the Transport Salaried Staffs Association, members). The court was due to begin hearings on Wednesday. Sir Walter Monckton told Parliament that he hoped it might report (with recommendations) before April 15, when the employers' notices, affecting 15-20,000 men, fall in. Meanwhile the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation has stated that none of its affiliated unions are "satisfied" with the N.P.A.'s offers in the newspaper wage negotiations, and six unions have rejected them. On Tuesday, the A.E.U. and E.T.U. declared the strike "nationally" official.

A very English feature of the strike has been the non-appearance of the *Daily Worker*. Not being a member of the N.P.A., that paper was not in dispute with the A.E.U. or E.T.U. Its publication was stopped at the instance of the London Society of Compositors—apparently in the interests of fair play. There was a danger lest, as a London newspaper, it might snatch advantages from its rivals' misfortunes. Provincial newspapers have all refrained from increasing their print; and on April 1 the Periodical Proprietors' Association, of which this journal is a member, passed a resolution in the same sense. The B.B.C., at the end of last week, decided to increase its regular news bulletins by five minutes and to allocate special time to reports from its correspondents abroad.

International

LATEST indications are that, apart from the Austro-Russian talks due to start in Moscow on April 12, the next move in preparations by the West for a Four-Power Conference (the need for which is now becoming generally accepted in the West) will be a May meeting in Paris of the Foreign Ministers of Britain, U.S., and France.

At his press conference last week, President Eisenhower deprecated Sir Winston Churchill's suggestion that heads of States should "meet and have a broad talk." This, he said, would look too much like a "social get-together." It was important to decide on the agenda for a meeting.

Speaking at Newcastle on March 31, Sir Anthony Eden also stressed the need to tackle "definite problems" at any conference. By this he meant, presumably, that the future of Germany should be discussed before wider questions of an international *détente* and disarmament. Meanwhile, the German press has been emphasising that the Federal Republic must be represented at any discussion affecting the unification of Germany; and the Free Democrats have issued a warning that the exclusion of Germany from Great Power discussion on world affairs might drive Germany into direct negotiations with

BRITISH adherence to the Turco-Iraqi Pact was duly approved by the Commons on Monday, though not without strong criticism from Labour Members. The Opposition argued that the Pact was intended by Iraq as an instrument against Israel, and that by joining it Britain was conniving at the "second round." Sir Anthony Eden, in what was presumably his last speech as Foreign Secretary, argued that under the tripartite treaty, Britain was obliged to go to the help of Israel if she should be attacked. More constructively, he undertook that Britain would accept a further commitment to guarantee any Israeli-Arab settlement, provided that it included a solution to the problems of the refugees, the frontier and the Jordan waters.

IN a speech to the Indian Parliament on March 31, Mr. Nehru sharply criticised the Western Powers. The Manila Treaty and the Seato conference at Bangkok, he said, had prevented the Geneva "co-existence" agreement from being fully applied to Indo-China. In Europe, the West talked disarmament but built up new armed forces; Britain's adherence to the Turco-Iraqi Pact had broken up the Arab League, and Mr. Nehru hoped that Syria would resist the pressure put upon her to sign the pact. The West, moreover, was not taking a strong stand against South African racialism. Finally, China's lawful claim to Quemoy and Matsu could only be denied at the risk of world war, into which India would on no account be drawn.

Overseas

BERLIN blockade recollections were stirred by the news, last week, that the German Democratic Republic was imposing (nominally for revenue needed for upkeep of highways) penal tolls on road traffic between West Berlin and the West. These were calculated, on the basis of existing traffic, to involve a total levy of nearly £4m. a year. Apart from protests by the three Western High Commissioners to the Soviet authorities in East Berlin, the reply of the Federal Republic was to increase the number of freight trains from Western Germany to Berlin, and to suspend temporarily current inter-zonal trade talks. Meanwhile Berlin is subsidising long-distance road traffic; but its resources would not permit such subsidies to continue indefinitely.

In Eastern Germany, the Government is appealing for volunteers to strengthen the Democratic Republic's defence forces. According to *Neues Deutschland*, volunteers may be asked to serve for two years with the para-military police force—its strength being thus raised from 110,000 to 135,000.

In Bonn, Dr. Adenauer has emphasised the continuing gravity, both from financial and other aspects, of the unsolved refugee problem. The Vice-Chancellor, Herr Blücher, who sought to resign on February 28, remains in the Cabinet.

This week the re-established Lufthansa begins operating with four Convair aircraft, which it has purchased to run services to London, Paris and Madrid. It is hoped to start a trans-Atlantic service later in the year.

MEETING in Turin, the delegate congress of the Italian Socialist Party (P.S.I.) spent most of its time debating the suggestion made by Signor Nenni that the Party should seek a working alliance, in the field of agrarian and social reform, with the Christian Democrats—or perhaps their Left wing. The proposal was received with reservations by some speakers, but won approval.

LAST Friday, the French National Assembly approved a Bill providing for the declaration of a "state of urgency"—applicable, for six months, to Algeria, in such districts as the Governor-General may specify.

The minimum hourly wage in France has been raised by decree from 121½ to 126 francs. The sales tax on fruit, vegetables and eggs has been abolished, and some pensions raised.

From April 25 to May 30, Paris will wage a campaign against rats.

ON Saturday, the State Department announced that 76 Chinese students, who had received technical education in the U.S., would be permitted to return home. These students had previously been refused exit permits under an emergency law passed at the time of the Korean conflict. At Geneva, last June, the Chinese had linked their detention with that of the 15 American airmen and 41 other U.S. nationals still held in China. State Department officials denied last week-end that the release was part of a deal.

The previous day, April 1, Senator Morse asked the Senate to declare against the use of U.S. forces to defend Quemoy and Matsu. Morse had been the most outspoken critic of the Administration's policies in the Formosa Straits. His new move came immediately after public and congressional opinion had been shocked by Admiral Carney's "revelation" that the Pentagon was contemplating the use of nuclear weapons to defend the coastal islands. Morse, in effect, was asking (probably without hope) that the Senate reverse its votes on the President's emergency message in January and on the treaty with Chiang.

Also on Friday, April 1, the U.S. Senate ratified the Paris Agreements by 76 to 2: only the President's formal signature was then required.

On April 1, too, Colonel Robert McCormick died in Chicago, capital of the "opinion empire" he ruled through his *Chicago Tribune*. McCormick's anti-British xenophobia reached its peak in his support of Mayor Thompson, who threatened "to bust King George on the snoot," and he was the chief symbol of Mid-West isolationism in the inter-war years. In later years his extremism found an outlet in cheering Senator McCarthy.

The U.S. contribution to the U.N., including technical agencies and relief programmes, totals $92.6m. for the current year—or just over 50 cents for each American. The American Association for the U.N. contrasts this with the per capita cost of the U.S. military budget, which is $400. The *Christian Science Monitor* estimated last week that of every $100 collected in taxes, about $54 are spent on Defence and 14 cents go to international co-operation.

AUSTRALIA is to contribute one infantry battalion, two squadrons of fighters, a squadron of bombers and two destroyers to a joint Malayan strategic reserve to which Britain and New Zealand will be the other contributors. Militarily, the decision represents a switch in Australia's strategic interests from the Middle East to the Far East. Politically, this enlargement of White forces in Malaya may have unwelcome repercussions. Criticism of the plan has been voiced by Dr. Evatt, the Labour Party leader in Australia, who argues that priority should have been given to an attempt to come to terms with the Communist partisans in Malaya.

ONCE again last Sunday gun-fire broke the uneasy silence on the Gaza frontier between Israel and Egypt. Israeli spokesmen claim that a carrier patrol, reconnoitring the border three miles south of Gaza, was fired on by Egyptian machine guns and three-inch mortars: the Israeli guns then opened up on Egyptian mortar positions, to cover evacuation of the wounded. The Egyptian version of the episode is that an Israeli patrol, which had crossed the Gaza frontier into Egyptian territory, was engaged by the Egyptian guns and compelled to withdraw with casualties. As we go to press the Mixed Armistice Commission has not given its verdict. Meanwhile, Israel has lodged a complaint with the Security Council, and Mr. Sharett has discussed with the U.S. Ambassador the "steady deterioration" on the Gaza frontier.

AN Army coup in Yemen last Saturday caused the deposition of the Imam Ahmed. He was then succeeded as Imam by his brother Seif El Islam Abdullah, hitherto Foreign Secretary. As usual with news in the Yemen, the precise circumstances are obscure. Apparently some army units were seeking to raise taxes, without the Imam's authority, in the region of Taez. Imam Ahmed sent troops from his own bodyguard to re-establish his authority, and a clash took place between these troops and the units already in possession. Later, reports were that Imam Ahmed had recovered the capital, aided by his son. Imam Abdullah had in any case already announced that his accession implied no change in Yemen's foreign policy, which is based on "Arab solidarity and friendship with all peace-loving nations." More practically, it includes strong support of Egypt's opposition to the Turco-Iraqi Pact. Last Sunday a joint Ministerial delegation from Egypt and Saudi-Arabia flew to Yemen. Purpose: to arbitrate in the dynastic dispute? To fish in troubled waters? Or both.

TROUBLE again in Cyprus. On three consecutive nights over last week-end, bombs were exploded in Nicosia, Famagusta and Limassol. Special police precautions were put in hand, and some arrests have been made. As we go to press, however, no general state of emergency has been declared. Although the attacks have been concentrated on official buildings and appear to be generally in support of Enosis, their precise political significance is unclear. They have been specifically repudiated by the Cypriot Communist Party and by the Pan-Cyprian Labour Federation, which, last Sunday, passed a resolution deploring terrorism and affirming that the latest crop of outrages was inspired by people who wanted to provide justification for Government measures against the working-class. That might mean Right-wing fanatics for Enosis.

IN SAIGON, where General Ely has secured a truce between the Binh Xuyen sect and the Government, the "united front" of war-lords began last week-end to break up. The Cao Dai army went over to Prime Minister Diem—the motive, reportedly, being that the Government offered to pay its troops.

ON April 2, over seventy countries were celebrating the 150th anniversary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen. According to the *New York Herald Tribune*, a statue to Andersen is to be erected in New York's Central Park; and new editions of his fairy tales are to be issued in twelve languages, including Chinese. From Andersen's birth place, Odense, Michael Redgrave broadcast two of the fairy tales.

At Home

LAST Thursday, the Government released the details of the new Anglo-Argentine trade agreement, which will run to June, 1956. British exporters of capital goods may be helped by the credit clauses, which permit Argentina to draw up to £20m. from the Bank of England if her payments exceed her standing balance, but, apart from the concession on capital equipment, the Argentine will maintain many of the import restrictions that have restricted British markets there. British shareholders in the nationalised public utilities have been given little, but an amount of less than a million pounds will be paid to liquidate the sterling share of the 1910 Buenos Aires Loan. Arrangements have also been made to pay off other arrears chronologically, though the agreed rate of payment seems to be no faster than the rate at which new liabilities are accumulating. Each country gave a "shopping list" for next year's intended trade.

TREASURY returns for the financial year ended March 31 show that Ordinary Revenue, at £4,987m., exceeded budget expectations by £454m. With Ordinary Expenditure, including Sinking Fund, at £4,554m., the realised "above the line" surplus was £433m. Expenditure (mainly on capital account) "below the line" was £493m. (net), so that the "over-all" deficit was only £60m., against £285m. in 1953-54.

Further encouragement for the Chancellor is news that small savings in 1954-55 rose by £146m. net, against a net increase of £24m. in the previous year; that the gold loss in March fell to $14m., against $82m. in February; that sterling has risen to over $2.79½; and that last year's balance of foreign payments was *plus* £163m.

COUNTY Council election results showed no marked swing against Labour. In London, 14 seats were lost; in Middlesex 6; losses were heaviest in the West Riding (17), Essex and Lancashire. In all three counties control passes to anti-Labour majorities. In other areas, mainly Midland, Labour gains partly offset the slight Conservative recovery from 1952, which was a peak year for Labour. Polls were generally low, and the results tended to confirm the equal balance of party strength. In the Warnham Division of West Sussex, the Labour candidate was declared elected unopposed after an unusual action before Lord Goddard, who ruled that the Conservative nomination paper had not been handed in at the time and place stated in the notice of poll.

READ for the second time in the Commons last Friday, against the advice of the Government, the Non-Industrial Employment Bill lays down standards of working conditions for office, shop and other non-industrial workers (who, by an odd freak of definition, include agricultural workers). The Bill, sponsored by Mr. Harold Davies, seeks broadly to implement the recommendations of the Gowers Committee. The Government attitude: "not a suitable subject for a private Member's measure." But Labour Members—well-lobbied by the unions and present in unusual numbers for a Friday—disagreed and ensured that the Bill at least goes forward to its next stage. Ultimate outcome? Highly uncertain: controversial Bills presented at the fag-end of a Parliament seldom complete their course.

ON Monday of this week the Horror Comics Bill passed its remaining stages in the Commons. Though it will undoubtedly have a troubled passage through the Lords, it now seems certain to become law before the end of this Parliament.

THE text of the Government's Aliens Employment Bill was published last Friday: it makes permanent arrangements for the employment of aliens in the Crown service, both at home and overseas. The Bill regularises the long-standing practice under which aliens have worked for the Crown overseas, usually on Embassy staffs or for one of the Services. At home, the Bill replaces Defence Regulation 60D, under which some thousands of aliens are currently employed by the Crown. The principle by which the Bill seeks to govern the employment of aliens at home is, very broadly stated, that they may be employed where suitable British candidates are not available.

PUBLISHED last Friday, the report of the Committee, under the Vice-Chancellor of Nottingham University, which has been inquiring into the organisation of Boy Service in the Army, recommended that units be run as schools rather than as military establishments; that systematic steps be taken to prevent bullying; that time-tables be more imaginatively planned to keep boys fully occupied from reveille to lights-out. The Committee was set up last autumn after the death of a boy soldier in circumstances which suggested suicide after brutal bullying. Reports the Committee: "It would be untrue to say that failure [to avoid 'serious misconduct,' 'bullying,' 'evil influences'] has been limited to one case of brutal bullying. . . . At the same time it is only fair to add that strenuous efforts are being made in the right direction." The Army Council has accepted the recommendations of the Committee "in principle."

THE Minister of Housing and Local Government has stated that he is in "general agreement" with the City of Oxford Development Plan, the two main features of which are a complete ring of outer by-pass roads and a substantial shopping centre in Cowley intended to save Cowley residents from having to shop daily in the centre of Oxford. Before giving formal approval, however, the Minister has asked the City Council to state its intention about "the problem of traffic congestion in the University area." Suggested very delicately in a letter from the Minister to the Mayor last week is the hint that it is up to the City Fathers to formulate comprehensive proposals for protecting "Oxford's architectural glories and academic amenities" before the Government steps in to do it for them.

MOST depressing news for years in the book trade was last week's announcement that Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd., the wholesale booksellers, have had to cease trading. This 150-year-old firm had become a unique clearing-house in the British book trade, and its demise confronts both publishers and retail booksellers with a disconcerting gulf which must somehow be bridged. The big retailer will find no difficulty in dealing direct with the publishers. But the small bookseller, confronted with about 18,000 books published in Britain each year, will now have to get his books often single copies, either from individual publishers or from W. H. Smith—his rival in the retail field. Moreover, some publishers have in the past been reluctant to handle single-copy business. Can the trade now devise an alternative to Simpkin, Marshall? It must be remembered that Simpkin, Marshall shut down only after months of negotiation with the rest of the trade to find a viable solution to their financial problems. The creation of a substitute organisation, owned co-operatively by the publishing houses and run on a no-profit-no-loss basis, may offer the best hope.

News from Correspondents

MALAYA

Singapore Elections

Our Correspondent in Malaya cables: The Left won seventeen out of the twenty-five seats in the Singapore general election. Yet it would be unwise to say that Labour's most ambitious programme received overwhelming support, for the Right polled about 4,000 more votes. What happened was that the Right made the fatal error of splitting its vote. The Progressive Party, for seven years Singapore's most coherent political party (indeed, except for the underground Communist Party, for long periods it was Singapore's only political party) collapsed, and sixteen of its twenty candidates were defeated, five losing their deposits. Twenty out of twenty-two candidates, put up by the hastily conceived Chinese millionaires' so-called Democratic Party, also failed. Fighting among themselves, the Right parties let in the Left. Eight out of ten seats won by the Labour Front were in fact won on minority votes. Altogether the Labour Party polled twenty-seven per cent of the total vote, and gained forty per cent of the seats.

Probably the most sensational aspect of the election was not the defeat of C. C. Tan, the President of the Progressives, by David Marshall, leader of the Labour Front, nor even the eclipse of Tan Eng Joo, the multi-millionaire leader of the Democrats and a relative of Tan Kah Kee (who represents overseas Chinese in Mao's Government) by a comparatively unknown Progressive man in a straight fight. It was the weight of support given to four candidates of the Socialist People's Action Party, headed by Lee Kuan Yew. Uncompromisingly anti-colonial and standing for complete independence, the P.A.P. got in three men, claiming nearly nine per cent of the total vote. Lee himself was returned with the highest number of votes secured by any candidate in the election.

Although Marshall is leader of the majority party in the Assembly, and has already become the Chief Minister of a coalition government, he is not accepted as the leader of the Left. Lee Kuan Yew has promised to support the Labour Front if it follows its declared Socialist programme, but he previously refused to join a coalition. His reasons were that the Labour Front is not a political party in the accepted sense of the word, but an election device, created especially to fight the election on the understanding that it would be dissolved afterwards and reorganised. At present, the Front appears to consist of a handful of individuals (some of them very sucessful business men), the Singapore branch of the Malayan Indian Congress, and the almost non-existent Socialist Party. Some of these individuals were once officials of the Labour Party, which fell apart several times and is now in a rather sorry state. On the other hand, the People's Action Party is a properly organised Socialist Party which has 3,000 enthusiastic members and considerable trade union backing.

This is not to cast the slightest shadow of doubt upon the good intentions of David Marshall. An uncorruptible man of courage and ambition, even if politically innocent, Marshall is flamboyant and sensitive. Self-made and wealthy, famous as the Colony's leading criminal trial lawyer, Marshall sincerely believes in the Socialist programme and is genuinely interested to better the lot of the poor. But at heart he is no fiery revolutionary. Basically he is a humanist who would like to put things right quickly but gently. One of the most popular men in Singapore, this tall Jew, with iron-grey hair and boisterously friendly manner, is no Bustamente.

In addition to a democratic Welfare State, Marshall has promised the removal of the emergency regulations. His slender majority will excuse him making an issue of this, and will also probably prevent him doing very much about the rest of his promises. The position of his Coalition Government is necessarily precarious; his team will be hard to hold together.

PARIS

The Spectre of Dien Bien Phu

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Early last week, M. Roger Stephane, assistant-editor of the Left-wing weekly *France-Observateur*, was arrested on the instructions of Judge Duval, the magistrate in charge of the Dides case. The warrant claims that two of Stephane's articles, published on July 30, 1953, and May 27, 1954, contained classified information on the military situation in Indo-China. This new development of *l'affaire Dides* has aroused widespread indignation in the French press. No complaints, it is pointed out, were made against the articles at the time they were published; Stephane was questioned as to his sources of information as long ago as October 27, and since that date five months have elapsed. Why the delay? Moreover, whether or not the information revealed in the May 27 article was obtained as a result of "leaks" from a meeting of the National Defence Committee, similar material was published in a number of other papers, notably *Carrefour*, the *New York Times* and *Le Parisien*, none of which could be accused of being anxious to aid the Viet-Minh. The article published in *Carrefour*, in fact, was signed by General Koenig, who is now Minister of Defence, and whose consent was required for Stephane's arrest.

What, then, is the explanation? It appears to be twofold. Judge Duval, it seems, has harboured a grievance against *France-Observateur* ever since it exposed the sordid part he played in the illegal arrest of Jacques Duclos, the Communist leader in 1952; even before he ordered Stephane's arrest, he had instituted similar proceedings against Gilles Martinet, the paper's editor, and he has now, I understand, been authorised to take action against Claude Bourdet, another member of the paper's staff. There are, however, more sinister reasons for the campaign against *France-Observateur*. This courageous paper, together with *Le Monde* and *L'Express*, was instrumental in drawing the attention of the public to the political and military errors which led to the disaster of Dien Bien Phu and the loss of Indo-China. The men responsible—M. Pleven, M. Bidault, General Navarre—have been lying low since the fall of M. Laniel. But now, with a thoroughgoing Right-wing Government once more in power, they are beginning to re-emerge (it is significant, for instance, that General Koenig gave Duval the authorisation to arrest Stephane shortly after he received visits from General Navarre and M. Pleven). In other words, the Dides case has now been resurrected and transformed into an instrument to transfer the responsibility for the Indo-China defeat on to the shoulders of the Left-wing press. Indo-China, the public is to be told, was lost because the French army was betrayed by neutralist journalists; and this thesis will be "proved" by a series of trials of men like Stephane. This manœuvre comes at an opportune moment; it is now increasingly obvious that France will have to engage in ever larger military efforts in North Africa—as witness this week's declaration of a "State of Urgency" in Algeria—and it is, therefore, most important that public confidence should be restored in her political and military leaders by showing that the disaster in Indo-China was not a "defeat" but a "betrayal."

WESTMINSTER

The Old Man's Ghost

Sir Winston did not put on his farewell performance for the benefit of the Commons on Tuesday at Question Time. The stage was more than set, it was overcrowded. Peers shuffled tightly together in their gallery, press correspondents overflowed their writing desks and perched on the steps. The benches were jammed with an audience rather apathetically awaiting an anti-climax—for, just before Questions, it was announced over the tape that, contrary to popular expectation, Sir Winston would not be appearing to answer his daily quota for the last time. The emotional experience, it was said, would be too much for him. Knowing this, the crowd stayed, as a crowd will hang round a street corner, long after the accident, looking at the skid marks in the road.

In a way they were not disappointed, for Churchill's ghost dominated the whole hour of Questions as, on Monday evening it had dominated the corridors. As the tape machines, our parliamentary substitute for newspapers, tapped out the list of personalities attending the Downing Street dinner on Monday, speculation had given way to certainty. Excitement was alive outside the Chamber. At these moments Members cease to sit in gossiping huddles in the smoke room and tea room. They perambulate rapidly from one standing group to another all along the corridors. There is the sort of schoolboyish tension which grips a school when rumours that the headmaster is leaving become confirmed. It is all tremendous fun. Great events are afoot, and Members somehow make the most of being on the outer, ultimate fringe of them.

So, on Tuesday, when Captain Crookshank rose to reply to the Prime Minister's Questions, and started by stating that he had been asked to reply on behalf of his Right Honourable Friend, the Opposition maliciously shouted "Why?" When he announced that the Government had no present intention, during the newspaper strike, of publishing a *British Gazette* on the 1926 pattern, Shinwell naively asked whether, if this decision were reversed, Sir Winston would be invited once again to edit it. And, in one of his typical supplementaries, Emrys Hughes asked innocently for an assurance that Caesar would be buried in the House of Lords and would not remain behind to trouble Anthony. Churchill even popped up during the Questions on the cotton crisis. The long-promised statement, following his meeting with the Cotton Board, was again deferred, this time until after the recess. It was rumoured that he had, in his talk with the Board, so confused the issue that it will take a day or so to put things straight again. In a supplementary, Ralph Assheton seemed to imply, rather pettishly, that it was unfair to saddle a government with such a problem in its "dying days."

So the farewell performance took place *in absentia*. But it took place, just the same.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Socialism and Old Age

WHAT will be the pattern of old age security twenty-five years from now? Will there be greater equality—or less? If nothing is done to change the present trend of pension policy, the gap between poverty and comfort in old age will steadily widen. Yet three months have passed since the Phillips Committee published its report on the economic and financial problems of old age, and neither Government nor Opposition seem anxious to debate it in the Commons. The reason for the Government's indifference is simple: it has made its point by raising pension rates—the first payments begin this month—and it has nothing to gain politically by reopening the whole question. It broadly shares the social assumptions of the Phillips Report, but a detailed defence of them could well be politically embarrassing. Its logic, as Mr. Abel-Smith and Mr. Townsend point out in an important pamphlet*, leads away from social justice and towards Two Nations in old age. If present trends continue, "differences in living standards between older people are likely to be much greater" than in working life. And the main reason for this will be the growth in occupational pension schemes.

Labour, however, cannot criticise this unhappy Report effectively unless it understands all that it implies; and though its National Executive has been willing to reconsider the pattern of National Insurance, the trade unions have refused so far to budge from the simple, but now invalid formula of equal contributions and equal benefits.

No Socialists can afford to let this Report pass without challenge. It follows the Government in repudiating "the central idea" of the Beveridge Plan—that the flat-rate benefit should be high enough for subsistence without other resources—and looks forward to a system of security in old age which is a strange and arbitrary muddle of State pensions with National Assistance and private and public service superannuation. Neither this Report, nor the pitiful two-page survey in which the Minister commented on the first five years of the present Insurance scheme, made any serious attempt to meet problems that the scheme is already raising: on the contrary, they attempted to cover up a fundamental change of social policy.

The "subsistence" principle has been discarded: the Minister says that "there is no scientific way" of deciding what it means, and the Phillips Committee adds, on grounds of "extravagance," that National Insurance "cannot be expected" to provide it. What then? The State pension of an arbitrary amount will in future be only part-provision; those who have "other resources" will be buying the pension below the market rates for insurance, while the remainder must turn to Assistance to supplement it. In this case, if part of the retired population is to rely upon its private savings and occupational pensions, while the less fortunate fall to the floor of Assistance, what is the argument for having a universal flat-rate pension?

The concept of equal payments and equal benefits, to which the trade unions are so firmly attached, made some sense when National Insurance was limited to one part of the population which had no great inequalities of income. The great weakness of the Beveridge system was that it sought to create a universal "subsistence" pension, yet permitted—as the Phillips and Millard Tucker Reports would actively encourage—the rapid expansion of occupational pensions which reflect unequal opportunities in life and unequal incomes. Approving of these schemes, the Phillips Committee naturally points to the huge expense of providing cheap State pensions for those who do not need them.

Much has been made of the increasing "burden" of pensions. In seven pages devoted to State pensions in the Phillips Report, the word is used twenty-two times, while it occurs only once in eleven pages devoted to occupational pensions. Yet this scare is hardly justified. In terms of numbers, the revised population estimates suggest that we shall have to provide for fewer pensioners twenty years from now than either Beveridge, in 1942, or the Government, in 1946, expected when they drafted their plans. What matters is not so much the total number of elderly people, but the number of dependants who have to be supported by the working population as a whole; and though we shall have more old people twenty-five years from now we shall have fewer children. Even if there were no change in retirement habits—and both men and women are working longer—by 1979 there should be only 114 non-workers to every 100 employed, or one more per hundred than at present. If every dependant made the same claims upon current production, as the authors of this pamphlet point out, there would be "no new economic problem at all." And since the national income should be from 50 to 100 per cent. higher by 1979, the same proportion of it would provide more real resources to meet any increase in the number of the living standards of social dependants. The "economic" burden of retirement pensions is an arithmetical bogy.

What really matters is how the share of the national income that is allocated to the elderly is to be distributed. And this cannot be answered by isolating Insurance benefits from all other forms of provision for old age. Yet in raising anxieties about the "burden" of State pensions while minimising the cost of occupational pensions, the Phillips Committee stacks the cards in favour of the middle-class, of salaried and skilled workers in large enterprises. For over twenty-five years, while the cost of State pensions may double, the cost of the private sector might rise from five to six times. Already, more than 7 million employees are covered by occupational schemes of various kinds, and contributions into them are running at £270m., while yearly inpayments for Insurance pensions are only £210m. At the moment, superannuation funds pay out annually some £144m., against £334m. for State pensions; but by 1979, private pensions will come to at least £440m. a year, a much larger proportion of the estimate of £665m. for retirement pensions—and since such private pensions are linked directly to incomes, the true figure may be much larger as wages and salaries rise with the national income.

Occupational pensions, of course, are much encouraged by tax concessions, and these in turn intensify the bias in favour of large firms and

* *New Pensions for the Old.* Fabian Society. 1*s.* 6*d.*

"You really must not be led away by all the chatter in the Press"—SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, 22 March

their higher-paid employees. Yet such tax concessions—the middle-class naturally seeks to extend them to other "private sector" expenses such as school and medical bills—are as much a "burden" to the revenue as Exchequer grants to the National Insurance Fund. Now they cost about £100m. a year, substantially more than the Treasury has had to find this year for its share of National Insurance, and Mr. Abel-Smith and Mr. Townsend make a cautious estimate that by 1979 the cost in tax concessions for private schemes may run to about £300m. compared with the £500m. which will have to be found to balance the Insurance Fund—and this must cover all social security for everyone, not superannuation for part of the population.

Here alone are strong reasons for reviewing the position of these private schemes, apart from the fact that they cannot and do not cater for the irregularly employed, the majority of lower-paid workers, or those in small firms, and apart too from their bias in favour of white-collar employees or the vast investment funds that they are putting in the hands of insurance companies. And this distortion is what the Government—and Labour also, if it is allowed to go by default—is tacitly encouraging. No wonder that this pamphlet urges a thorough review of pension policy before such inequalities harden.

At this stage, the authors are wise not to propose a cut-and-dried alternative of their own. But I am convinced that their general conclusion is not merely workable; it is one to which Socialists must inevitably come. The State must establish a proportional pension scheme of its own. I would go further and suggest that it should assimilate the private schemes while there is still time, thereby establishing a simple and uniform system, and possibly associate this change with the original proposal (Beveridge and Labour) to socialise industrial insurance. For the lower-paid workers, National Superannuation would cost no more than Insurance; and for those who wished, the scheme would permit additional contributions above the minimum. Benefits would be related to average contributions—the scheme could be introduced gradually by setting a minimum to which each year's payments would add a supplement—and, if inflation or prosperity added to wages, benefits would rise proportionately, thus helping to cushion the fall from working to retirement income. No rights would be lost when an employee moved from one firm to another, and no more elaborate machinery would be needed than at present exists in the Insurance and Inland Revenue collection systems. Administrative costs, indeed, might be greatly reduced. There would be no means test, for pensions would be tax-free and secured as of right, and no disincentive to saving in working life, while the State supplement from general revenue would be used to carry in the system those whom motherhood or illness or unemployment have prevented from making "actuarial" contributions. This, or something like it, is how Socialists should guarantee socially adequate security for the aged.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEXT WEEK

The Crisis of France in North Africa

A special survey of the problems of French colonialism

BY

PAUL JOHNSON

(Our Paris Correspondent)

Asian Diary

PEKING was an uncovenanted mercy; not even vaguely on the schedule. My plan was to spend a fortnight in uncommitted India; to listen to the babel of Chinese, British and American voices at the Hongkong cross-roads; in Tokio to find material for a guess about what Shogun would fill the vacancy left by MacArthur; to ask awkward questions in Malaya, and to return through the comparatively tranquil gateway of Colombo. But in Hongkong I learnt from excited journalists, who had recently returned from Peking, that it was now possible to enter China via Canton, to pay one's own fares, and form an unguided impression without the benefits and drawbacks of the conducted tour. It worked; a wire to Peking brought a visa, and, back in Hongkong after a short fortnight in Japan, I found myself in the New China, travelling by train to Canton (to the accompaniment of tea, music and propaganda) and thence by plane to Peking. Ten days later I returned, stirred like every other visitor by the ancient beauty and new excitement of revolutionary China, and very anxious not to make a fool of myself by retailing any of those smart, packaged opinions which are so useful to newspaper reporters out for a snappy story.

* * *

Since it was impossible wholly to escape interviews, I concentrated on the simple, irrefutable statement that the first impression of China is of a government whose honesty and efficiency contrast violently with Chiang Kai-shek's, and that this impression was confirmed by British business men who, after months of inquiry in China's main industrial centres, agreed that the Government was stable and that the West should increase its trade with Peking. When asked, I added that the arrangements of my journey had been beyond criticism. Unhappily, one correspondent (who no doubt muddled his notes) provided the *Singapore Standard* with the headline that, after ten days there, I had found everything fine in China and had said: "Nothing could be better"! I found myself for once sympathetic with politicians who complain of being misreported.

* * *

The nub of the matter is, of course, how much, in a totalitarian country, the visitor can learn. The answer is that he cannot, even on a long visit, generalise about whether the "people" (poor peasants? middle peasants? intellectuals? workers?) are happy, or still enthusiastic about the revolution. He must form an impression on such matters, but he had better candidly admit that if there were a revolt or a civil war a few hundred miles away, he could not be sure of knowing. In a one-party country without independent press or radio, all the leaders could commit suicide without the visitor—or even the general public—knowing anything was happening. The visitor can wander freely and talk to whom he likes, or, rather, he can if he talks Chinese, but, if he does not, he'll be clever, on a short visit, if he learns which door leads to the Gents and not to the Ladies, and he'll be lucky if he gets a telephone operator at his hotel who knows the English numerals. However, I managed to make contacts with Chinese writers whom I had known in England, with scholars whose names were familiar from pre-war days, and with quite a variety of other Chinese who had been absorbed, in one way or another, into the present regime. Add up all these conversations, check the results of official interviews by your own observation and by what you can learn from half a dozen European and Asian embassies, get interpreters to read you this and that, and talk at length with visiting business men—stir all these ingredients up against a background of Chinese history, and serve with a little imaginative sauce. The result is not authoritative, but it may be illuminating.

* * *

Peking itself? No praise will satisfy those who have wandered in the Summer Palace, the Temple of Heaven, and the Forbidden City. The Empress Dowager, you'll remember, used the money voted for a navy to scoop out a hole for a vast lake and build the most superb of pleasure grounds on the hill she thus created. Unhappily, the auditing departments of modern countries forbid an imitation of this admirable example in London, Washington or Moscow. Among the undisputed virtues of the present Chinese Government is its care for what was valuable in old China. Not all the walls are decorated with the stereotyped pictures of Chairman Mao; you will also see many reproductions of the wonderful paintings now discovered in ancient Buddhist caves. Former temples are being carefully restored, and so are the wonderful Ming tombs. These things should be remembered, at least as a footnote to serious discussions of the meaning of brainwashing, of the merits of China's land and industrial policy, and of the dangers of her often provocative propaganda. One's impression is of an austere regime, but it is not oblivious of beauty or insensitive to fun. The first touch of spring had hatched out a great brood of flies over the lake of the Summer Palace when I passed by. I am glad to say that my Chinese friends were not wholly solemn when I commented on the renewed activities of the American aggressors.

* * *

Happiness may be reasonably defined as enjoying the present, liking what you have, and not wanting what you haven't got. On that basis, South-East Asia is surely the happiest part of the world. Life in most "undeveloped" areas is nasty, brutish and short; people are hungry, pest-ridden, or otherwise cruelly treated by nature. When they are industrialised, they merely enter upon a new phase of human misery. But in Burma, Ceylon, Thailand, Indonesia and Malaya, there are still vast areas where nature is so warm and bountiful that hard work is needless; poverty means not want, but the absence of unnecessary property. There is no contrast more startling or more happy than that between the crowded misery of Calcutta and the smiling, easeful life of Burma. The contrast remains in spite of modern reconstruction in Burma and seven years of the wicked and unnecessary Communist-Karen rebellion. The Siamese have also maintained this agreeable, relaxed feeling, though I fancy they are beginning to change as the result of being cursed with a Government as inefficient, corrupt, and self-seeking as that of the last days of the Kuomintang in China.

* * *

Malaya presents a more complex problem. Here in the rich countryside are not only British planters and easy-going Malays, but the Chinese, robust in their individualism, carrying with them the tradition of millennia of savage hard work, industrious breeding, and the relentless habit of money-making. In half an hour, one may visit, close to Kuala Lumpur, "re-settled" villages, where the Chinese, provided with food and water, are building, in a fortnight or so, serviceable, efficient wooden houses, and, only a few miles away, primordial Malayan villages which have not changed materially within historic times. In one such sleepy village I visited, the children,

naked and happy, were playing in a still unpolluted river; the men were perhaps asleep in the afternoon sun; in a paddy field, a single woman was at work. She was not in a hurry. She was cutting the ears of rice, one by one, with a Gillette razor blade. It was set in a curved piece of wood, shaped in rough imitation of a bird in flight. My companion, an expert on Malayan lore, explained that the gods would not approve of mortals stealing the grain, but would not take it ill if a little was taken by the birds. Therefore, the knife was set between the two wings of a bird, and the illusion carried through by reaping with a sweeping motion.

* * *

"When the going was good?" No reason for the past tense; the going is still good. But the coming back, catching whatever plane happens not to be full, may, I found, be rather less good. The chief air lines now compete, very agreeably, for the favours of first-class passengers. The food and wine on one B.O.A.C. service was as good as that on K.L.M. or Pan American (even though Pan American added, as a bit of swagger, a pleasant little snack served with champagne). But coming back, I decided that Argonauts should be scrapped for long journeys. We were already tired when we reached Cairo, and none too pleased when we learnt there would be a long delay because one of the brakes had to be renewed. Twenty-four hours later we started off again. After a quarter of an hour's flying we were confidentially informed that the pilot was confronted with a warning signal suggesting that the hold in which our luggage was stowed was now open, and that we had to return to Cairo, but for reasons of safety in landing we had first to "jettison fuel." We sat, severely not smoking, wondering whether our bags had sunk deep into the sands of the desert, and watched hundreds of gallons of high octane petrol fanning out into the wind. We landed safely, to learn with relief not untinged with derision that there had been nothing wrong with the aeroplane; it was the warning that was at fault. We waited for refuelling, and were then informed that a fault had now been found in an engine. We were glad it was found in time. Twenty-eight hours late we set out again for England, home, and beauty, and arrived in I don't know how many degrees of frost, wearing the tropical kit which had seemed unduly thick and heavy in Colombo.

* * *

Back in the democratic West where we have so long fought for the right to see and hear and judge for ourselves, I found waiting for me a disgraceful story about the film *Children of Hiroshima*, reviewed in this journal last week. Its first showing, outside the trade, was to have taken place at the House of Commons. A week or two ago a Labour member booked the Grand Committee Room for this purpose. Paul Rotha wrote to several M.P.s of his acquaintance urging them to take this chance of seeing the film, which he had seen in Paris. Twenty-four hours before the showing, the Member concerned was summoned before the Opposition Chief Whip and instructed to cancel the arrangements. Mr. Whiteley had reliable information that the film was Communist propaganda. The House of Commons was thus deprived of an opportunity to see a film which is now showing in the West End and was described in these pages as one of "muted authenticity and tragedy." Members of Parliament will hardly be flattered by the implication that they require special protection against alleged Communist propaganda. Should they not rather be protected against a McCarthyist form of censorship? Lest anyone imagine that *Children of Hiroshima* was merely thought too horrific for M.P.s to see, the film they saw on Wednesday was entitled *Animal Slaughtering*.

* * *

I did not meet with alarm in Asia at the prospect of Sir Winston Churchill at length terminating his extraordinary political career. More than one person who had recently seen him in action at the Commonwealth Conference and elsewhere, said that, with all his greatness, he had become a very dangerous man. Given a knowledge of the facts and a reasonably true picture of the situation, his mind worked as smoothly and brilliantly as ever; harbouring some remote set of prejudices, dating from the days when he played polo in India or fought Boers in South Africa, he would, with equally majestic logic, reach the most terrifying irrelevant and perilous conclusions. It is now, I am told, completely impossible to argue with Sir Winston. When he speaks, he turns on his deaf aid so that he can appreciate his own eloquence; having spoken, he switches off.

CRITIC

Desirable Residence

Period House, well situated,
  Modernised and in good repair,
Very shortly may be vacated,
  Present tenant may move elsewhere.
  Close to important thoroughfare
But in a secluded cul-de-sac
  In walking distance of Parliament Square,
With Georgian frontage and chimney-stack,
And nice walled garden at the back.

Semi-detached, but high and spacious—
  Panelled chambers, and parquet floor—
Partly furnished—interiors gracious—
  No house-hunter could ask for more.
  Quiet neighbours reside next door.
The House from outside may be viewed,
  Silent guardians stand before—
Noise and tumult do not intrude
In this inviolate neighbourhood.

End of lease with vacant possession
  By private treaty may be assigned
To new lessee (of the same profession)
  If present tenant is so inclined.
  Applicants are not hard to find
For occupation of this address;
  Favoured claimants and queues behind,
Though larger mansions they may possess,
Are ever standing in readiness.

Outgoing tenant, some years in residence,
  Incoming tenant may designate.
New leaseholders will then take precedence,
  Long prepared for the moving-date,
(Though his lease may suddenly terminate).
Transient lodging of famous men
  Illustrious inmate may soon vacate.
House about to change hands again —
Farewell and Hail at Number Ten.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Sir Bernard Docker, the industrialist, said in Birmingham yesterday: "We are all tired of working for nothing—or varying degrees of nothing."—*Nottingham Guardian Journal*. (E. Douglas Lawson.)

Lost in Aberystwyth: One very old and dearly loved, macerated Yak's head, complete with horns. Owner wishes recovery for sentimental reasons.—Advert. in *Cambian News*. (H. W.)

My wife's great-great-grandfather, Joseph Gellibrand, one of the founders of the State of Victoria, was eaten by aborigines in Australia in 1837. Also a forebear of mine of the same generation, Arthur Wakefield, was the last White man to be eaten by the Maoris in New Zealand in the 1840-50s. Incidentally, his brother, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, was, I believe, at one time, Editor of the *Spectator*.—Letter in *Spectator*. (S. G. Lee.)

An American View of Bevanism

"Hostility within the Labour Party to American leadership is the single most important political factor in Britain's relations with the United States."

If I had read this quotation in *Soviet News*, I should have been inclined to brush it aside as a characteristic example of Communist wishful thinking. But when I found it in the Introduction to a carefully documented American study* of Britain's attitude to U.S. foreign policy, I sat up and took notice. Perhaps, I said to myself, Socialist criticism of American policies has had more success than we realise.

As a student in the school of Professor Perlman at Wisconsin, Mr. Epstein is not only anti-Communist but staunchly anti-Socialist. Yet, true to the tradition of that school, he is a scrupulous investigator. He has had the patience to read and remember every column, not only of *Hansard* but of the *Economist*, the *Tribune*, THE NEW STATESMAN and even the *Sunday Pictorial*, printed between 1945 and 1952; and, having read them, he can appreciate every nuance of British politics. He distinguishes correctly and individually, for instance, between Bevanites, fellow-travellers and crypto-Communists. He spots that, if Mr. Crossman is an erratic Left-winger, Mr. Denis Healey is an erratic Right-winger. He understands that pro-American policies in Britain often conceal a bitter hatred of Americans—and vice versa. He remembers that the *Economist* flirted with the idea of a Third Force before attaining its present sturdy Americanism; reduces *The Times* to its proper importance as a follower, not a maker, of informed public opinion; and, after remarking of THE NEW STATESMAN, "No doubt it deserved all the contempt with which Labour's political leadership regarded its wishful thinking and implausible Left-wing theorising," he forces himself to add, "but nevertheless its intellectual influence cannot be brushed aside." Here is an observer whose conclusions must be taken as seriously as those reached by Mr. R. Bassett in his sadly neglected study of British public opinion during the Manchurian incident.

Like Mr. Bassett, Mr. Epstein has been reluctantly driven to admit that the views which influence British foreign policy are those of "the Labour Left."

> "The category did include some of the University teachers (and former teachers) active in the post-war Labour Party, but 'Left-wing intellectuals' were also by definition a more heterogenous collection of white-collar Socialists who customarily earned their living by journalism, lecturing, politicking, or any one of a large number of other verbalist activities . . . The Labour Left represented the British polemical tradition that had been regarded (in differing language) as 'rootless' by its opponents, from Edmund Burke to Ernest Bevin."

But why are these rootless intellectuals "the single most important factor in Britain's relations with the United States"? Because political ideas in our country are not taken seriously by any

* *Britain—Uneasy Ally*. By LEON D. EPSTEIN. *Cambridge: for Chicago University Press*. 30s.

respectable body, such as the Conservative Party, the F.B.I. or the T.U.C. However, irritating it may be, the fact remains that, whenever British public opinion is stirred up to a point where it begins to influence foreign policy, the dynamic comes from these "rootless intellectuals." Mr. Epstein's thesis is that they have led British public opinion first to welcome and then to repudiate American leadership.

Mr. Epstein sees three phases in this development. First there was the nation-wide indignation caused by the termination of Lend-lease and the harsh terms of the American Loan. Since, however, this mood was accompanied by growing disillusionment with the Soviet Union, what it produced in Britain was the demand—voiced chiefly but not exclusively by the Labour Left—for a Third Force, independent of both American Capitalism and Russian Communism.

This phase lasted two years. The second began when Mr. Marshall proclaimed his Plan in the summer of 1947, and the Russians broke up the Paris Conference and threatened to break any country which accepted American aid. From that moment the Cold War was on, and it destroyed the possibility of a Third Force led by Socialist Britain. Faced, on the one side, by the signs of Communist aggressiveness in Czechoslovakia and Berlin and, on the other, by the offer of American aid without political strings, the Labour Left jettisoned the idea of Socialist independence and became enthusiastically pro-American.

Until I read Mr. Epstein I had quite forgotten how enthusiastically pro-American THE NEW STATESMAN, the *Tribune*, Miss Jennie Lee, Mr. Foot and I myself all were in those far-off days. Now, reading *Britain—Uneasy Ally*, I can recall how our Socialist ideology swept us all into an uncritical enthusiasm for what we believed to be a sincere American attempt to win the Cold War not by armed strength but by social and economic measures. The Tories detested the kind of dependence involved in Marshall Aid. But the Labour Left, envisaging an alliance between Truman's Fair Deal and Attlee's Socialism, fell for it, and I at least am willing to accept Mr. Epstein's accusation that it was my Socialist blinkers which made me do so.

The third phase opens with the Korean war. For a few months, United Nations resistance to aggression united British public opinion. Then, as American policy switched first from economic to military assistance, then from E.C.E. to E.D.C., and finally from "containment" to "liberation," it split again. But this time the positions were neatly reversed. The Labour Left resisted this new kind of military dependence on the United States as much as the Tories welcomed it. Then Mr. Bevan resigned and turned a protest into a movement. Examining the causes of Bevanism, Mr. Epstein reaches the conclusion that it was a reaction to the American decision to force large-scale rearmament on her allies, to rearm Germany and to transform United Nations resistance to aggression into a battle against Chinese Communism.

Mr. Epstein's detailed study ends with the Eisenhower victory in 1952, and he has only been able to add a few paragraphs on later developments. But he rightly foresees that, as a result of the activities of General MacArthur, Senator McCarthy and John Foster Dulles, what had been regarded as "the wishful thinking and implausible Left-wing theorising" of THE NEW STATESMAN would soon become the settled pattern of British public opinion. In 1952 the Labour Left was almost alone in advocating an independent British policy in relation to Formosa and Indo-China. Two years later, under Admiral Radford's threat of atomic relief for Dien Bien Phu, Sir Anthony Eden signed the Indo-China peace at Geneva in defiance of Washington. This year he is threatening British neutrality if the United States gets involved in war about Quemoy. Next year, if the process continues, he will be supporting the neutralisation of Germany, which is still regarded as "wishful thinking and implausible Left-wing theorising."

Mr. Epstein contends that what distinguishes the Labour Left from Right-wing Labour and the Conservative Party is its unrealistic Socialist ideology. "It wants the American alliance on Socialist terms." But in fact (as the writings of Walter Lippman demonstrate) there is nothing peculiarly Socialist about the view that "military containment" and "negotiation from strength" are dangerous myths. All that the rootless intellectuals did was to see a little earlier than Sir Winston, and a great deal earlier than Mr. Morrison or Sir Anthony, the dangers and illusions inherent in the American policy which developed out of the Korean war.

Mr. Epstein may be correct, however, in suggesting that Left and Right in Britain are mainly divided by their attitudes to the U.S. Neither is pro-Russian or anti-American; but the Left fears America and seeks to decrease our dependence on her as far as possible. The Right, on the other hand, is (from the American point of view) loyal to the alliance because it has resigned itself to the passing of world leadership to the U.S. Indeed, it now accepts British dependence so implicitly that its chief concern is lest anything said or done in London might encourage America to go isolationist. This is why the Right will blind itself to unfavourable aspects of American foreign policy and try to see the best in every American action, whereas the Left, fearing the worst from across the Atlantic, will see it coming while it is still on the way. Mr. Epstein's facts contradict his thesis that the Right is realist and the Left guilty of wish-fulfilment. If realism means a readiness to face the unpleasant facts, it is the Labour Left which has been realist since 1950 and the Right that has been guilty of wish-fulfilment.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

N.P.K.

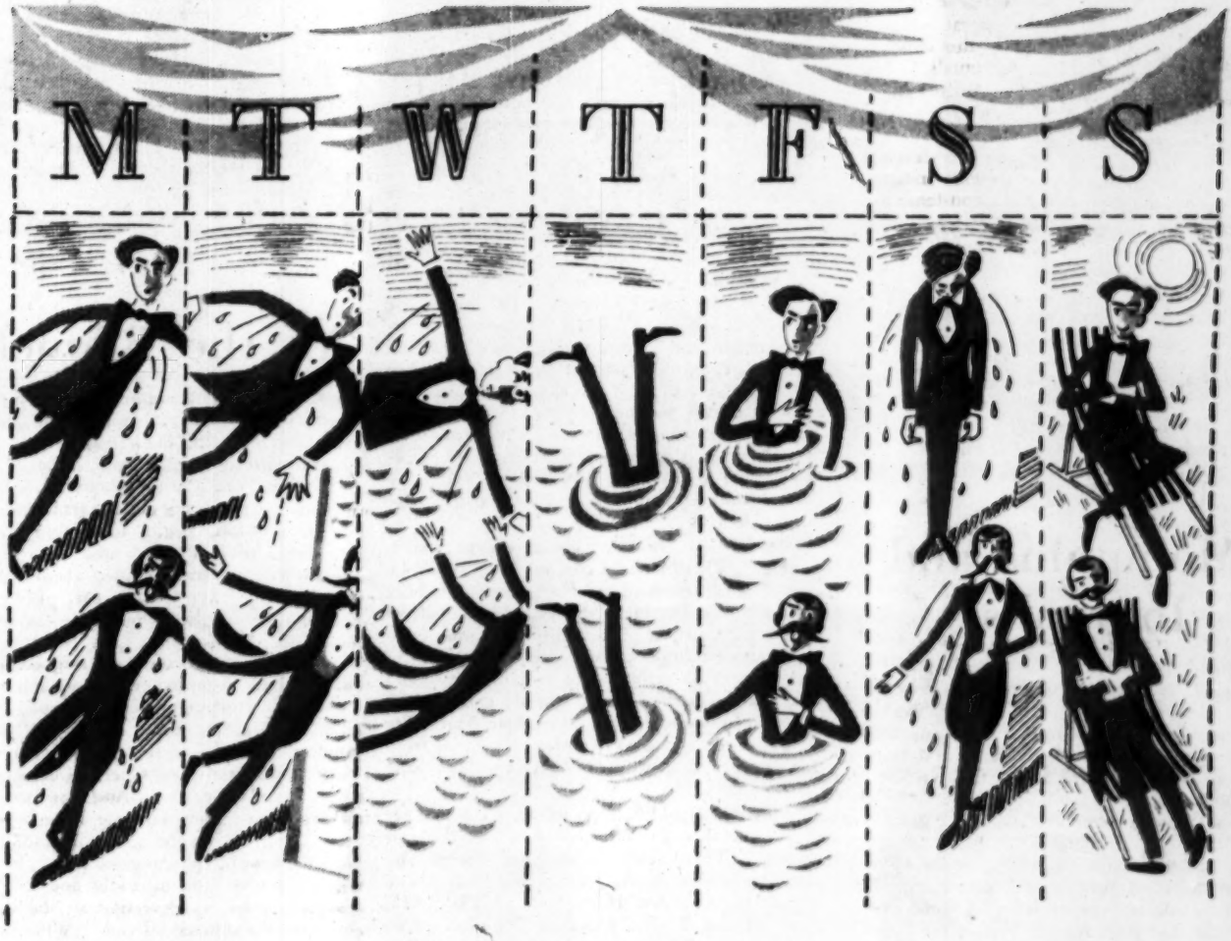
THERE was little conspicuously rural about the meeting which assembled in a Regent Street café one cold day earlier in the year; the briefest survey of hands showed that few of those present earned their living physically from the land. The general tone was clock-and-carpet managerial, with a dash of straight academic. The chairman of the panel we were invited to hear and question was a University rector and he was supported by a professor and an industrialist as well as two farmers. Nevertheless, the meeting was very typical of contemporary agricultural times. In general, it reflected the truth that farming is not solely a matter for farmers. Manufacturers, merchants, bankers, politicians, administrators and economists are also directly interested in the technical development of agriculture. In particular, it was concerned with fertilisers as a means of cheapening as well as increasing home food-production. Costs have always mattered in farming, but it is a long time since they have mattered as much as they do today.

Fertilisers are now a traditional tool of the farmer's trade and the chemical abbreviations for the three major plantfoods in which the content of these productional aids is reckoned—N for nitrogen, P for phosphates, K for potash—have been familiar to generations of agricultural students. Their importance, however, has been greatly increased by recent economic change. On the one hand, the expansion of home food-production has laid heavy demands on the resources of our soil. Every sack of corn, every gallon of milk sold to the towns takes fertility with it; and little of this exported fertility returns to the countryside. On the other, the reduction in imported animal feedingstuffs has substantially decreased the manurial residues bequeathed to the dunghill by the stock that ate them. The balance between the income and expenditure of plantfood has been maintained by the greater use of fertiliser. In 1938-9 the fields of the United Kingdom received in fertilisers some 60,000 tons of nitrogen, 170,000 tons of phosphates and 75,000 tons of potash. In 1952-3 the figures were 241,000, 380,000 and 251,000 tons respectively.

It is, however, clear that this country is still a considerable way from the optimum economic level of fertiliser-consumption. In 1952 calculations, based on the average response of crop to fertilisers (assuming current costs and prices), suggested that, in all, we were using about two-thirds of the maximum *profitable* input. Further, our average rates of application were considerably below those of Denmark, Germany, Belgium and Holland, where agricultural conditions are generally comparable to ours. Admittedly, such estimates inevitably over-simplify the confused realities of farm-production, and foreign analogies are not always convincing. But there is plenty of evidence from both common observation and local case-studies to support their general verdict. In more detail, it is known from surveys that arable land receives the bulk of the fertiliser purchased by farmers. Grassland, which covers some two-thirds of our farmland, receives very little. Yet grass is the very basis of our agricultural system and it responds well to fertiliser.

Why, then, the discrepancy between actual and optimum application of fertilisers? Why the variations in its use between farm and farm, between area and area? We can probably dismiss conscientious objection as negligible. Very few farmers refuse "bag-manure" as a matter of principle, though a number of the more traditionally minded are distrustful of its excessive use. More important, perhaps, is the lingering concept of fertiliser as a means of correcting local soil-deficiencies and not as a potential source of increased output from all soils. Then there is the question of technical ignorance. But agricultural advice is cheap and plentiful in the modern countryside. Books, leaflets and bulletins abound, while State, trade and press all run advisory services of various types. If you don't know the manurial needs of your crops, you have only yourself to blame. In short, technical ignorance is a symptom rather than a cause of the failure to exploit available productional aids.

The basic reasons for this failure, surely, are crudely economic in character. Short-term fertilisers mean an immediate outlay which can seldom bring any return in less than eight to twelve months. Long-term fertilisers mean increased crop-yields which bring problems as well as profits. For in this country most crops reach the market via the stomachs of stock. Five acres in six today feed animals directly, men indirectly; and the English farmer earns only a quarter of his income from his cash-crops. Thus investment in fertilisers may mean a further investment in stock to eat the increased output; and, perhaps, a still further investment in extended field water-supplies or new buildings. The farmer who substantially increases his expenditure on fertilisers, therefore, is commonly embarking on a general policy of expansion; and this requires both capital and confidence.



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Now the small farmer is less accustomed than the large farmer to seek technical advice; and he relies more on stock. Broadly speaking, the larger the farm, the larger the proportion of its income derived from the cash-crops which show an early and direct return from fertilisers. Besides, the small farmer has less ready money and less capital to invest; and he buys increased production at a peculiarly heavy cost in personal work and worry. These generalisations are supported by certain illuminating figures in the 1952-53 report of the Farm Accounts Scheme, which the National Farmers' Union has recently published. In this representative sample of some 5,000 holdings, farms of under 50 acres spent 3.4 per cent. of their outgoings on fertilisers, farms between 51 and 150 acres 4.6 per cent., farms between 151 and 300 acres 5.9 per cent. and farms over 300 acres 7.1 per cent. The largest farms in this classification used over twice as much fertiliser as the smallest ones. The solution of this problem rests with the small farmer, who is also the average English farmer, and depends on his needs and incentives.

NIGEL HARVEY

Mountains and Journalists

MANY people do not care for journalists. Entering what I regarded as an honourable profession via the relatively innocuous channel of a woman's magazine, I was not brought up against this phobia till I started rock-climbing, and then I met it in an exacerbated form.

"Ghouls, the whole lot of you," a famous rock-climbing landlord summed it up. "We get down with the stretcher, more dead than alive ourselves, and there you are, sitting cosily in your cars on the road, waiting for your story. I've made it a rule now never to say a word to the press, and that goes for the rest of the lads or they don't come out with me again. Not a word, you understand?" He was not interested in my personal protests of innocence. The whole tribe of us were loathsome in his eyes. And the real crime, of course, was not the harrying of tired men, but our total failure to ensure that, as they say in official circles, "the next of kin had been informed."

This was brought home in the only accident with which (heaven protecting me) I have so far been concerned. A young woman had been killed falling off the notorious Bad Step of Alasdair in Skye, and it was a question of finding some friend or neighbour who would break the news to an invalid mother, six hundred miles away. Meanwhile, the only telephone line was blocked by calls from every paper in Scotland, as it seemed, and we had our share of personal ghoul-haunting too.

And the next year in Skye, I enjoyed with my colleagues a more farcical contact which also had its instructive side. Another young woman set out for Alasdair, and did not return. It was late in the season, and the only climber available to search for her was myself. (A rescue-team of local crofters has been formed since.) Haunted by the picture of that first crumpled figure, I groped my way up through the mist to the screes under the Step, and was infinitely relieved not to find its fellow (for what, in the event, could I have done?). Back at Glen Brittle, word had come that the lady was safe, having crossed the ridge somewhere, spent the night in Coruisk, and staggered the length of Glen Sligachan next morning. This did not deter a Glasgow paper from telephoning for details of the "One-Woman Rescue Bid." Enchanted—for after all, if I had found no corpse, I could at any rate draw a graphic picture of tottering pinnacles and swirling mist—I opened my recital with name and profession, and the line went dead. Dramatis personæ of accidents who are pestered by the press might note this infallible method of choking it off.

But still it seemed to me mainly a question of misunderstanding between the parties. Climbers knew nothing of press problems, and no pressman who also happened to be a climber would ever be so unscrupulous and unimaginative, etc. This illusion, too, was dispelled when such a pressman was found to exist. Of course the story came first—how could I call myself a newspaperwoman and take any other view? He, it appeared, came regularly off the stretcher-party and into the callbox. (To do him justice, the order of events was not reversed.) "Relatives? The *Daily Blank* will contact the relatives, and far quicker than anybody could do it from places like this. You just leave all that to us." Obliging *Daily Blank*; no doubt at a pinch it could arrange the accident also.

"People like reading about themselves in trouble." There I could confute him; it may be true of other forms of trouble (indeed, the blitz proved it so), but all climbers detest accident-publicity because it gives a distorted impression of the sport's dangers, and because most of them are in any case encumbered with nervous relatives who wish they would take up golf instead. Several of my circle lead an elaborate double life of subterfuge and lies, in order to conceal from their near and dear their manner of spending their holidays.

"Better it should be reported by me who'll get it accurate than by a non-climber who'll get it wrong." There was no denying that. The climbing howlers in the press would go half-way round the Snowdon Horseshoe. "The Idwal Slabs of the Tryfan Mountain" figures regularly; so does "A precipice 2,000 feet up on Ben Nevis," perhaps my favourite, for the first two thousand feet of Nevis are solidly heather and innocuous grass.

"Anyway, a climbing-accident is always news." And there he had me, too. Of course it is news; it has every ingredient of a good story except romance, and may even have that if an engaged couple are involved. It has pain, a fight for survival, elements of high endeavour and sometimes of actual heroism, a dramatic and beautiful setting, probably dramatic weather-conditions of darkness or storm. The public's wish to share in such a story is not altogether ignoble. It makes stirring reading for the millions whose monotonous lives never take them anywhere near a mountain—and equally good reading for the few hundreds who know what it is all about, who have themselves searched the crags by torchlight, and groaned under the tilt of the stretcher, and fought their burdened way downhill in the teeth of the gale.

And that, I suppose, is the ultimate answer to my angry landlord, and justification of my single-minded Fleet Street acquaintance. It makes a good story, and one which will be retold in this very climbing bar where journalists have been put beyond the pale. A day on the crags behind us, the glow of achievement, gossip—and presently, sure as fate, the talk turns to accidents.

"D'you remember when X fell off Tophet Bastion, and the message came through wrong, and half of us spent the night looking in Little Hell Gate?" "That Easter on Snowdon—that was some picnic—no sooner back from one job than we were out again." "Five of us carried a twelve-stoner the length of Glen Sannox—yeh, I know it takes eight for a stretcher, but five was all we were, d'you see?" "Hear about old Z when the top chockstone came off in Claichaig Gully?—broke three ribs and a collar-bone and got down under his own steam, no stretcher for him he said. . . ." "Ay, that was a good corpse, had a packet of fags in its pocket, and I don't mind telling you, in the breathers, we were glad to help ourselves. . . ."

Hours later they are still in full cry, and it is the journalist who creeps hag-ridden to bed.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

All the Blameless

MRS. CHERT, whose auburn hair had a plum-like bloom, stepped out of her car, trod gingerly on the planks over the ditch and advanced on her hostess with a bright, stiff smile of delight. "My dear," she warned playfully in her deep-South voice, spreading out her arms and dangling her big crocodile bag. "Long time no see, so I'm going to kiss you," and she pursed her Leichnered lips and smacked them together in the air behind her friend's ear. Both sensible women, they laughed wretchedly and went into the house.

The group seated on the stringbed under the banyan tree regarded them without interest. They were worrying about the carpenter, absent from them at the time; a man on loan from Bombay dockyard to the base on the seashore. They could hear Mrs. Chert's fluctuating voice telling her town news. "And this man lay right outside the window for eight hours before they moved him! Even the sweepers wouldn't touch him! We kept *on* 'phoning the police, but nobody seemed to give a damn! Eight hours!" She felt ashamed of her exaggeration so she decided to champion the afflicted instead. "What an amazing race they are! Life is so cheap here, that's the trouble." She had said this a hundred times, and it always surprised her. "There are at least a dozen murders a day in simply *any* paper you care to pick up. Nobody bothers! As for the police!—*they* spend all their time sniffing the air for a little harmless liquor. It really is disgraceful. Heaven knows you have to practically certify you're a dipsomaniac before you can get a permit. Well, thank goodness I'm an American, I say. I'm looking forward to the day when Mort's two years are up, believe me!"

They may not have been listening, slatted with sunshine under the tree, or they may not have cared; they made no sign. A worried constable in faded blue drill joined the group and propped his bicycle against the banyan. He sat among the dejected and wiped his face on a khaki handkerchief. The water-carrier's cart groaned after the buffaloes in the weeds and the fishermen's baskets reeked hotly under their feet.

"*Achha*," said the constable, looking up. "Where is he?"

They jerked their heads towards the shore, where the new hutments were going up to house workmen from the city; the roofs had to be on before the monsoon. They could hear the electric saw whining beyond the basha huts. The Collector's clerk eased his jacket from his shoulders. He was a deformed young man; he had been a baby with rickets, and his face was pitted with old smallpox scars. He wore a cheaply tailored suit, long and narrow in the jacket and tight waisted. He felt the suit essential to his office and

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

education. He was a young man with great worries and responsibilities. He had a sister to marry and his position demanded that he should keep a servant to serve cold drinks and *bajyas* to the Collector and his wife when they called. He had sold all his books and his mother's remaining ornaments to hire two strings of electric light bulbs to hang in the trees for the wedding: the girl still needed at least twenty saris and some new trinkets, and the bridegroom's relations now thought the boy was worth a field or two as well, or a motor-car.

"So?" asked the constable. "How is our friend the carpenter?"

"All right," they said.

"Keep him off the roads," the constable said, smiling sadly at his wristwatch. "They're trying to say this fellow is perverting the people and inciting riots."

"You can't stop the people following him," the fishermen reasoned. "They follow him around like a lot of sheep." (They were a little jealous. When they had referred to the gaping, grinning, devoted crowd as sheep, the carpenter had claimed he was their shepherd.)

"He's a good man," the clerk said in despair, "but he's asking for trouble, going round saying he's the Essence of God. It's most embarrassing." He felt very miserable. "He's only a teacher," he said, "we're all agreed on that: he only teaches bits of other men's philosophies; he never says anything really original, after all."

"We don't want him to," said the water-carrier. "We don't want anything new. We want something we can recognise. We don't want to be tortured with doubt like you smart chaps. We want something simple we can understand."

"Simple!" said the clerk mournfully, "His allusions are mostly remote, his metaphors are laboured and his parables are most obscure. There are things which even I cannot understand." This surprised him. "I cannot make up my mind," he said, "whether he is too subtle or just stupid."

"How?" asked the fisherman who owned the boat. "'Give away your land to the poor,' he says. That's reasonable, isn't it? Well, we haven't any, so we can't. It's only what the politicians say, in another way. 'Humble yourselves like little children,' he says. We're humble. You wouldn't call us vain men, would you?" he asked, glancing at the dark brown suit.

"No," they said.

"He says we're all equal in God's sight," said the water-carrier. "What's wrong with that?"

"They say he's a Communist," said the constable. "All this talk. And you can't pin him down; you ask him a simple straightforward question and he answers you in riddles. He makes our Inspector very cross, and our Inspector is a very reasonable man. It's nothing but obstructions, obstructions, all the time. They keep asking me at the station, 'Isn't he a friend of yours?' 'A friend,' I say, 'Well, I shouldn't call him a friend, exactly. Everyone round the seashore knows the carpenter'."

"Politics!" said the fisherman. "How do they suppose he's so religious if he's a politician!"

"They say, if he's religious," said the policeman, shaking out some *pan* leaves from a little cotton bag, "why doesn't he go to the temple? Why must he wander along the roads and the beach with hordes of *junglis* and *gundas* after him?"

They had been peeved about it for weeks; they, his original friends, now shared his company with a hundred stragglers.

"Something's bound to happen soon," said the constable, putting a pinch of tobacco into his pan leaf and folding the corners into his mouth, "The cinema manager has complained that the carpenter and the whole gang of them sit in the seats he puts out for the queue instead of going in to see the pictures; and three landlords say they've been threatened with damnation and worse if they don't share out their land among the poor. He'll come a cropper soon."

Mrs. Chert came down the steps and glared over at the smell of fish. The fishermen were just leaving: they hoisted their baskets on to their heads and tightened their dhotis round their buttocks; their large black shoes slipped up and down on their thin feet as they walked towards the bazaar.

"Really, dear!" said Mrs. Chert, "If I were you, I should put a stop to these peculiar people congregating outside the gate. People will think they're friends of yours!" Mrs. Chert felt that this witticism had brightened everyone's evening as she turned the car, churning up the dust, and bumped on to the main road.

They met again on the shore that night. They had helped to spread the nets over the bushes while they waited for the carpenter to come from the police station. He had been taken there after his gang of followers had thrown a large brass cow out of the temple. They sat on the gunwale of the boat and dangled their legs and watched cars from the city park in the bushes: they never commented on these promiscuous excursions; they sat in silence, watching. When shrill voices rose round the fire, they looked across at the women. The carpenter's mother, wound like an old cocoon in a crumpled, off-white dhoti, was spattering sliced onions into hot fat. "The Essence of God!" thought the clerk bitterly. He had been told she had never married; it had been one of those Tommy-Atkins-and-Ayah affairs, launching the carpenter into a no-man's-land of caste. The clerk was hungry and bitterly unhappy. "She had him outside marriage," he told them, but they knew it. "Not in wantonness, you understand," he claimed sarcastically, "but from an inner combustion in the manner of the Mahabharata and the Greek gods. She was so innocent she pestered the Ayur Vedic clinic for six months to treat her for cancer!" They stared down at their toenails, unwilling to argue or be taken for fools. A small boy with lemon-shaped eyes squatted near them, his thighs scarred and indented by crumbs of soil.

"Go on!" they said, "*jao!*" to his irritating silence.

"Love little children," said the water-carrier, so they offered the child pieces of the coconuts they had been whittling. He leered and kicked up little spurts of sand at them. When they had drained the nuts they tossed the shells into the water and prodded them with their toes until they were out of reach, then they waited for whichever came first—food or the carpenter. It seemed they waited hours in the skirting of dark beyond the firelight, among the dark-night noises. Then the jab of the police-jeep headlamps lit up the plants and rippled sand and water, and shocked them from their moroseness: they eased themselves down and walked slowly to the officer with the round, concerned face, who had eased off a crepe-soled shoe and was scratching the side of his foot.

"*Namaskar, ji,*" they said.

"*Namaste.*"

They felt sorry for him when he broke his news because he watched their hands and eyes as though he expected violence; he was a young

man, an obvious choice for dirty work, and his journey had not been long enough to allow him to compromise with his conscience.

He was young, and death still intimidated him; he was honestly convinced that the conduct of the constables sent out to disperse the crowd had been beyond reproach, yet he found himself protesting their innocence vainly to himself. He felt certain, as he wiped over his forehead and stretched the muscles round his eyes, that he would see the whole scene objectively and painlessly in the morning, after he had slept. Some force had been necessary, after all. The crowd had been rowdy and abusive; and mad dogs and lepers and stray animals walked in its wake, and respectable people had complained. A few lathi cracks around the shoulders were necessary to maintain law and order. He had seen it time and time again, that the skulls of the undernourished cracked easily. Too brittle, he thought—an unfortunate anatomical weakness. He was sorry about the whole thing; regretful and self-effacing. He had heard about the carpenter (who hadn't around here?)—a well-meaning eccentric, hysterical at the end, perhaps, but quite ordinary enough. Not to worry, he thought, as the constable pulled the jeep up onto the road later. Yet the carpenter's last words as the women had wailed for him moved slackly through his mind, like the first ooze of madness:

" Daughters of the world, weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children. For the days are coming when they shall say ' Blessed are the barren and the wombs that never bear ' and they shall say to the mountains ' Fall on us,' and to the hills ' Cover us,' for if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? "

H-bomb hysteria, thought the young police officer; didn't matter who you talked to, there was this flippant faith in a violent end of the world. This off-hand threat of a puff of smoke, disintegration and the end. He had yet to fathom the purpose of life; he hadn't even found a consolation for inevitable death, yet, and he hated to be unprepared in these clever arguments. He decided to have an early night; life was always rosier in the morning.

Mrs. Chert woke late the next day and was already uncomfortable and irritable. She had showered and towelled herself briskly and used nearly half a tin of talcum powder, but she was wet through a minute later, scalp as well, and her hair looked snarly and annoyed her. She wrapped herself in a bath towel and leaned out of the bedroom door.

" Bearer! " she called, " Bring me my make-up from the refrigerator." She heard the refrigerator door slam.

" Did you hear me? " she called in her kind voice.

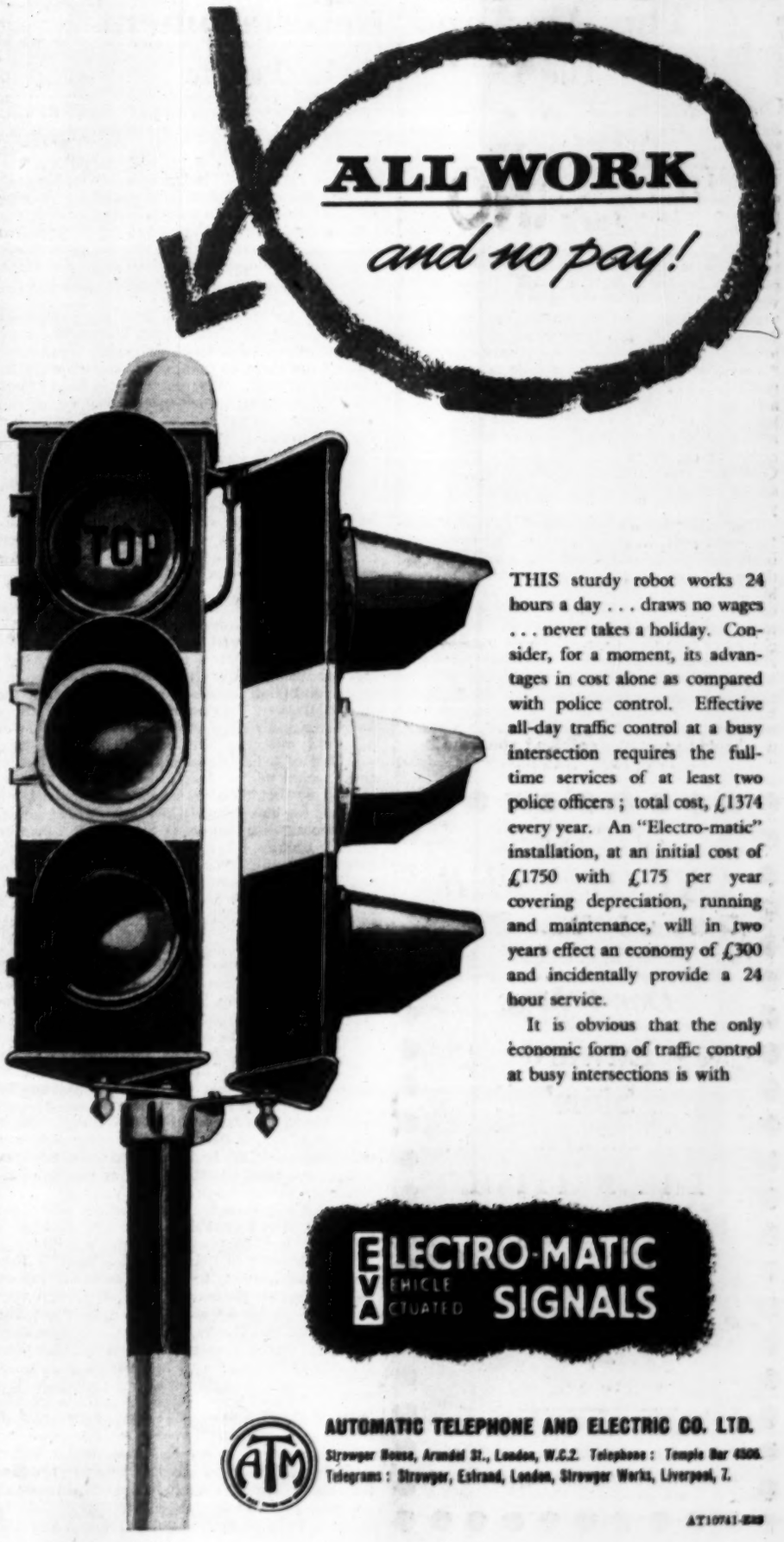
" Bringing, memsahib," he said.

" Well, kindly answer, then," she said, and seated herself on the bed under the fan with a handmirror. She felt the iced tray of cosmetics indent the pillow beside her.

" Not on there! " she moaned wearily, pronouncing each word carefully. " Really! I shall *never* understand your mentality! " Mrs. Chert always prided herself that she rebuked her servants openly. She thought it unethical to use sarcasm on people who reasoned slowly in a foreign language.

She unscrewed a toffee and rattled the newspaper open. She took out her pen, studied the crossword puzzle and scribbled experimental spellings over the tiny paragraph detailing the death (among others) of a carpenter, somewhere in the brown hills beyond the city bounds.

RANI SINHA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The Arts and Entertainment

The Darling of the People

On March 20th, his sixty-fifth birthday, Beniamino Gigli gave before a Manchester audience his last English recital; a few days later he was heard on the B.B.C. Home Service. Though I was not at Belle Vue, I heard the broadcast, and I have been present at enough of the great tenor's post-war appearances to imagine and understand the excitement of the occasion. Despite the depredations of time, his vocalisation remains wonderful: the broadcast was an extraordinary display of technical skill. It was often very beautiful. In mezza voce the tone is still sweet and clear: who else, to-day, can sing "Una furtiva lagrima" with such poise, so liquid and even a flow? Nothing was transposed. In "Torna a Surriento" he flicked a passing B natural; in a ditty called "Ritorna amore" he held a strong upper A, the quality of which remained pure even when, under pressure, the emission of sound developed a marked pulse or beat. In the centre of the voice and at moderate tone-levels, Gigli can still command much of the honeyed sound that we hear in his first recordings of 35 years ago.

One of his Italian biographies is called *Il cantatore del popolo*. A good title: Gigli has always been the darling of the people. His virtues are those to which the great masses instantly respond; his faults those to which they are either indifferent or partial. The natural, glowing beauty of his tone is the musical counterpart of that physical charm of face and form to which mankind has always been susceptible. Scholars and critics sometimes imply that they despise the physical element in music; most composers, on the other hand, have shown, in their works if not in their words, that they set great store by it. No wonder: we should be suspicious of those who write about "mere" beauty of tone. And then what ardour, what zest, what spontaneous exuberance! Richard Capell pinned this quality down when, in the last two editions of *Grove*, he wrote that "Gigli sings with the whole force of his body as naturally as a game-cock fights." Italian music from Verdi to Puccini, his chosen field, is essentially a popular art, and thus there is a natural congruity between song and singer. But Capell was surely indulgent when he went on to claim that in such music Gigli was not vulgar. He could indeed rise above himself, but not for long: he always had one eye cocked on the gallery.

Among his predecessors and elder contemporaries, such as Caruso and Martinelli, many came from origins no less humble; but some inner urge drove them to eliminate from their art all crudities of style. With Gigli, it has been otherwise. Something in his personality or in the complacent democracy of our time has prevented the refinement and maturing of his art which might have been expected. Martinelli, at the time of his first London appearance, was said to have been "ingenuous to a fault and uncertain in his taste"; when he returned in 1937 to sing Otello, Radames and Calaf, we heard a great and scrupulous artist. Those who lavish such praise on Gigli do not know what the art of singing can be, nor care what it becomes. Seldom has he sung an aria—never, perhaps, a complete role—without recourse to provincialisms: by which I mean an excessive or inappropriate use of aspirates, sobs, gulps, portamenti and the like. Provincial, I fear, is no longer a fit term for vocal diseases which rage unchecked through the opera-houses of the world; and Gigli must bear some of the blame for their diffusion. Contemporary Italian tenors have admiringly taken over the whole repertory of his tricks; moreover, they bawl themselves hoarse—a fault of which their model was never guilty, or he would not be delighting us today.

That he should fail in Gluck and Mozart is no wonder, for here scarcely any Italian is at home, even such stylish singers as Schipa, De Lucia or Bonci. Besides, "Il mio tesoro" mercilessly uncovers the weak spots in Gigli's technique: the divisions are a mere slither. Even in Verdi, as I have said, he is capable of a style that is palpably inferior. In the great trio from *I Lombardi*, "Qual voluttà trascorrere," it is instructive to compare Gigli's delivery of the opening tenor solo with that of Caruso: the latter so grand and noble, the former content to disfigure the melodic line with the cheap tears of self-pity. Yet on other occasions Gigli could sing with a purity amounting almost to restraint: a notable instance is the recorded duet with De Luca from *La Forza del Destino*. The lighter heroes of Puccini, especially Rodolfo and the careless Pinkerton, he used to sing with an airy grace that was irresistible. He had no notion of a musical style that is not Italian, but to shut one's ears to his seductive transformations of Bizet or Massenet or Lalo would have been foolish. Good or bad, his performances always tingled with life.

For English listeners, a comparison with John McCormack is inevitable. Both sang mountains of trash, but McCormack sang everything—whether Mozart or Puccini, Hugo Wolf or Eric Coates—with an unfailing and exquisite refinement of touch. He was an artist of the very first rank. In one of Moore's Irish melodies, "The Meeting of the Waters," his rhythmic subtleties and fine verbal inflections defeat analysis and draw our wondering tears at a twentieth hearing. Gigli had neither such genius nor such taste. But he had—he still has—a very beautiful voice, the finest of his generation, very beautifully handled.

* * *

The revival of *Katya Kabanova* under Rafael Kubelik at Sadler's Wells last summer revealed the dramatic power and lyrical tenderness of Janacek's opera in so clear a light that in the end the rumour of its quality got round and the final performance was sold out; incidentally, Covent Garden decided that it had found a Musical Director. I have already written so much about *Katya* in these columns that it will be enough, perhaps, to mention that three further performances under Kubelik are announced for April 15th, 18th and 21st.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Don't Miss

Edward Shils'

article on

THE BRITISH INTELLECTUALS

in the April

Encounter

2/6

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A Novelist's Play

Mr. Julien Green's play *South*, which is to be seen for the next four weeks at the Arts, is an excellent production. It belongs to a kind of play very much to my taste when it is brought off, the play which develops with the leisurely fullness of a novel. In its tempo *South* reminded me of another play in the same class, Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*. The phrase "a novelist's play" is often used as a term of reproach, implying a failure to tauten up the action and the dialogue and to compress the scheme into the given time. But a good novelist's good play, with its ample explorations, is an agreeable change from the whirring mechanics clicking busily towards the destined end which is the framework, seldom completely invisible, of the good dramatist's play. It must be admitted that *South* does suffer from some of the defects of the novelist's play; the violent action when it does come seems to have come too soon. The journey is, in short, more rewarding than the arrival. But how enjoyable the journey is!

The tempo is set with the opening scene. The curtain rises on a room in a large house in the Southern States on a sultry day just before the outbreak of the Civil War (excellently evoked, this, in Mr. Paul Mayo's set). With his back to us, and to one side, stands a man dressed in the uniform of the United States Army of the period. Outside the sun beats down; inside the soldier stands immobile, and the moment is held a long time. This enigmatic immobility of his is kept up throughout the long first act. He is a young Polish Count driven out from his country in childhood, and now more or less adopted into this Southern family. The family consists of the father, his sister, his young son and daughter and another "foreigner," a young girl cousin from the North. In one sense it will turn out that this family revolve round the young Polish Count; for they are all in different degrees in love with him, children, women and men. They are an interesting group worth lingering over, for in the remoteness and the heat their characters have been forced into the excesses of themselves. The father is a man alive only in his anxieties, and they have good ground for breeding. There is the problem of the imminent war, and the rights and wrongs of that; there is the problem of slavery, and the rights and wrongs of that, and there is the problem of the young Count. The sister is, on the surface at least, without problems; for her Southern birth and upbringing provide unequivocal answers to every question. Slavery is a natural state: the South will fight and win: the Count is a handsome young man, good to look at. Regina, the cousin from the North, is a split person. She detests the South and cannot leave it; she understands about the Count and hates him, and is yet deeply in love with him.

These characters and the other simpler ones unfold themselves before us gradually through a series of minor incidents growing naturally out of the daily traffic of a large household. And when the first interval arrives half-way through we feel that the life of this house on a Southern plantation has seeped over the footlights and stealthily surrounded us; we have been drawn deep into the slow rhythm of its life, and the odd, chequered, half-comprehended emotions, that swirl in it. This would not have happened, of course without a production (Peter Hall) designed to create this atmosphere and acting that can convey the subtleties of the half-hint and the sudden illuminating gleam. The play is

admirably cast to give us this. Mr. Denholm Elliott is the inscrutable young Count in whom the romantic principle swells until it bursts into a violent act of self-destruction—a beautifully controlled performance. Miss Clare Austin gives to the Northern cousin a sharp distinctive edge and brings the end up to a very moving pitch. Mr. André Morell expresses with a fine restraint the anguish of the worrier, and Mr. Lyndon Brook has a most convincing style for the young Southern gentleman who pursues his blinkered course quite unconscious of the storm his mere appearance causes; and there are good straight characterisations from Joan Young, Zena Walker and John Harrison.

Whether the final outburst of the climax quite works or not, I am by no means certain—which means, I suppose, that it doesn't. But it is at the least effective dramatically. *South* is a play of real quality which the Arts are to be congratulated on giving us. The play bears the hall-mark of the Lord Chamberlain's ban, which is nowadays a guarantee that it is a serious and moving and that far from corrupting or depraving or exciting or exploiting it is likely to enlarge our sympathies and stir our pity.

T. C. WORSLEY

Madame Chrysanthème

Madame Chrysanthème is a pseudo Japanese ballet. It is not very consistent in the conventions it follows, yet the charm and cunning of its arrangement remain in the memory; while the decor, a scene of pale mountains behind pale paper screens, is about the best Sadler's Wells has had since Clavé designed his superb sets for *Ballabile*. The story concerns a couple of sailors looking for wives in Nagasaki. Pierre marries Madame Chrysanthème, but is so disillusioned the next morning at finding her counting the money with which she has been bought that he leaves her forever. The second sailor says farewell to the girls whom he has not married with less bitter feelings. In Frederick Ashton's choreography there is much delicate and humorous movement in a mock Japanese style. He tells the story easily and fast; but it is not until scene IV that there comes that flow of dancing in which his talents seem properly concentrated. In his exquisite and now almost forgotten ballet, *The Wise Virgins*, this balance of dancing and story-telling was perfectly integrated, but here it comes in rather a lump at the end. There is a lovers' *pas de deux* of great poetic lyricism: Madame Chrysanthème teeters through the air with wonderful speed and beauty, or hops from one foot to the other in Pierre's arms with an erotic kind of humour that is irresistible. It is only at the very end when the lovers grovel on the floor behind a dainty net curtain that the eroticism grows dull. For the *corps* and minor parts the choreography is full of invention. The music by Alan Rawsthorne buzzes and purrs along, curiously hard to listen to by itself, but inextricably bound up with the dancing.

Isabel Lambert's scenery and costumes are lovely in a frail, spacious way. There is a great pleasure in feeling that the dancers have wide stretches of stage in which to spread their movements. The colours are mauve, white, fawn and grey, like pebbles on a sea shore. Elaine Fifield and Alexander Grant danced well as the lovers, yet they seemed so lacking in spontaneous charm or passion for each other, so sadly inhuman that, but for Mr. Ashton's skill, their courting would have been a stuffed affair. The small parts of the second sailor, the marriage broker and the mother were excellently played.

In *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*, a more formal display of classical dancing by Mr. Ashton, I was struck by the inadequacy of the male *corps de ballet*. Their double turns in the air were feeble and anxious; while their overcreamed manners made them appear like the fanciest of fancy cakes.

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Again, it doesn't matter. This is television in areas beyond the "fringe" areas. Reception is theoretically impossible, and even though at its best it is bad, the wonder is that it exists at all. But the faces gawping at the new marvel remind one salutarily that though the number of regular viewers is almost as big as that of regular listeners, TV programmes are still only obtainable by about half the population. So television will remain a novelty for millions for years to come, and the demand for it will not soon be satisted. The hungry sheep will go on looking up.

The question, especially now that we are on the eve of commercial television, is: Where is the talent to feed them coming from? I imagine it is a problem that programme-planners can scarcely face in cold blood; if they did, they could be forgiven if they threw their hands in altogether. The problem, of course, has always faced sound broadcasting, and the B.B.C. has never succeeded in solving it in any very satisfactory way. A few weeks ago, I was commenting on the disproportionate amount of adaptations put out by sound broadcasting. Since then, we have had, among others, radio versions of Mr. Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* in the Home Service and of *The Waves* in the Third. Now why do we have these adaptations? The short answer is because original work is lacking. I am not wholly convinced that this answer is right, at least without serious qualification. I am sure the B.B.C. does its best to find original work; but the fact remains that, though the death of the novel is constantly being announced, clever young men go on writing them and finding publishers for them. In spite of all the B.B.C.'s good intentions, clever young men still do not turn spontaneously to writing for broadcasting. The reason, I am sure, is not primarily an economic one. Many excellent novelists earn little more by their novels than they would by writing for the Third Programme and I should guess that most young novelists earn considerably less. There is, of course, the matter of ephemerality, but this seems to me more apparent than real: the works of many novelists regarded with great respect by the historians of fiction are unobtainable outside a handful of libraries and will probably remain so. Most novels are dead within a season, whereas I seem to notice that Mr. Henry Reed's scripts, for instance, are broadcast year after year.

No, I think the real answer has something to do with the nature of the B.B.C. itself. There is only one B.B.C. the writer can sell his work to; the novelist has twenty or thirty publishers competing for his work. If one or even half a dozen of them reject it there are still others who may bring it out. Whether it is real or not, the novelist has an illusion of freedom that the writer who works only for the B.B.C. can scarcely have. In fact, I do not think it is an illusion: the radio equivalent, even on the Third, of, say, *Hemlock and After* is almost unimaginable.

For the television writer, the whole situation has been changed by the arrival of the I.T.A. and its contracting companies. It has given him a choice of employers, and if there is real rivalry between the contracting companies on the one hand and between them and the B.B.C. on the other, the result may well be a considerable increase in the number of good writers prepared to write for the medium.

Where the dearth of talent will be most acutely felt will be where it is already obvious: in the field of variety. The standard is low enough, and we must expect it to become lower. For consider what television means to the great comic or droll. A Nellie Wallace, a Harry Tate, a George Robey could maintain enormous popularity for years on a very small amount of material: one went to see Harry Tate in order to see his motoring sketch; and travelling the halls up and down the country, the great comic needed no more than half a dozen turns throughout his career. Today, something like ten million people will see a television comic at a single sitting. How many music halls packed to capacity does that represent?

What will happen is, I think, clear. The young comic will make his name on TV, but as soon as he has done so he will desert it for the halls, returning to it infrequently enough for his appearance to be an event. In the interests of everyone, television talent must be rationed. This means that television hours must be rationed too; which is why one can only welcome the recent announcement of the number of hours per week in which the B.B.C. Television Service and that of the I.T.A. will be allowed to function.

William Salter

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NELSON

Too Beastly?

"The Wild One," at the Rex, Cambridge (from April 10)

"El Bruto," at the Continentale

Savage America is the theme of *The Wild One*, and it seems to have caused some commotion behind the scenes. Columbia, responsible for it, were doubtful about sending it out; we have taken it in and awarded it a no-certificate. The ban is not absolute. What London may not see, Cambridge will.

So Mr. Marlon Brando, newly Oscared from the waterfront, comes riding a motor-bike. He is goggled, gauntleted. He wears black and roars down on us along the white line, followed by his troop also rigid in black. The camera has chosen a victim's eye view. Surviving we may note the skull-and-crossbones device on the backs of this marauding band as it sweeps round the corner and over the hill.

They wouldn't, as a matter of fact, these wild ones, run down a man on the open road without reason, being only space men, Nazis in fun. To rip open a valley, swoop on a market square, play at invasion and spoiling is their joy. Of course, people may get in the way; someone may not like having his car overturned; bottles may fly; the hornet machines may chase up steps or ring round a girl, as though they had a life of their own. But it's all in jest.

Two such gangs—the blacks and the old-fashioneds—meet in a village, squawk and squabble, and one thing leads to another till by nightfall an even nastier movement has started among the natives. A lynching element gets to work, and their victim is of course to be Mr. Brando, who all this time has been holding his men inactive while he slouches and mutters round a barmaid. She's a shade highbrow, but that only spurs him on, and what chance has she, poor girl, against a fascination that enslaves us all? The party in general gets wild, there are chases, counter-chases, beatings up, and a man killed—with our skull-and-crossbones leader apparently to blame. He *can't* have done it, if only because the Brando beast is always stupidly innocent, and only to be woken by a real jolt and an angel's interest. The two will smile weakly when he gets off with a caution.

But long before then, without losing its melodramatic grip, the film will have taken a routine turn: this particular village has become a gleaming thriller night-town, the girl and her cop father belong to old Westerns and Mr. Brando must be martyred before he regenerates. *The Wild One* started on a journey so much more compelling that, looking back, we may regret its slide home along the tram lines. But I must admit that so long as I was watching the film it carried me with it: produced by Stanley Kramer and directed by Laslo Benedek, it tackles its muck-raking mission with gusto. I cannot now see or hear a motor-bike without being jumped back into this new world. It may or may not be true; certainly it has the air of being. The problem of the censor here, I suppose, was not the simple one of deciding whether or not the piece was too horrific—which it is not—but whether it would tend to corrupt those open to corruption: i.e., those possessing motor-bikes. His decision robs the majority of a remarkable film. Would *The Wild One*, generally distributed, have infected our own roarers and snorters and started a fashion of marauding week-ends? I shouldn't have thought so; but violence is the new obscenity and one must expect priggish attitudes.

Londoners staying at home may prefer the charms of *El Bruto*. That is his nickname: beast. He works in the abattoirs, sure way to a woman's heart—at any rate in Bunuel's Mexico—and has nice ways of easing off an old love, of blundering home and sniffing the new one in his bed, of killing a man and making the daughter fall in love with him. No happy ending for him: the cops fill him with lead. As a matter of fact we feel more sorry for him than for Mr. Brando's sinister

playboy: he is the slave to a foxy master also, unknown to him, his father. Pedro Armindariz infuses some feeling into this shambling figure; but the film, despite its touches of harsh magic, hardly consolidates the director of *Los Olvidados* and *Robinson Crusoe*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Uncertain Joy", at the Royal Court Theatre

This is a magazine story written in today's clichés, which is quite a lot better than a magazine story written in the clichés of the day before yesterday. Fiction readers and viewers will be familiar with all the characters and all the situations. A childless couple of today will inevitably find an ill-treated urchin in the offing waiting for adoption. The man will adore it and teach it boxing; the wife will stand backstage with a sour smile feeling wildly jealous. All the love and attention lavished will somehow only lead to the brat's doing dirt on them. But the motive, it will turn out, was really of the best, and the cheek will only serve to bring husband, wife and little one together in harmony. Miss Charlotte Hastings mixes these well-tried ingredients with some skill, and conducts her story with some efficiency. She does not add anything either to the situation or the characters, not even by making the husband a Classical Master at the local school and the wife a writer of detective stories. Some play is made with psychology versus the stick which allows the play to give off a faint aroma of Problem. In short, a matinée play which is sufficiently engaging to cover up its defects and improbabilities, and which allows Miss Ursula Jeans and Mr. Roger Livesey to put over all the charm of matinée favourites, but little else. The acting honours go to Master Michael Brook for his life-like little imp.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

ISRAEL AND THE ARABS

SIR,—On reading Mr. Crossman's article entitled "Death by Slow Murder," published in your issue of March 19, your readers will, no doubt, recall the enthusiasm and devotion that Mr. Crossman has systematically shown towards Israel. Consequently, it is not unusual for Mr. Crossman to paint Israel's policy with such colourful and attractive analysis. May I, therefore, ask for the hospitality of your columns and make certain comments on some of Mr. Crossman's statements?

First, Israel came into being not due to what Mr. Crossman calls "her victory in the war of independence," but because she was established through the United Nations and international support, notably that of America. Israel seems now to forget to whom she owes her existence and endeavours by her organised propaganda machine to agitate throughout the world in order "to break out" and achieve more gain on the basis of what Mr. Crossman calls "the gamble paid off."

Secondly, Mr. Sharett's alleged policy of "integration into the Arab world and self-restraint" can only be described as superficial and far from real.

In the first place, it is Israel who has continuously refused to abide by the 1947 Partition plan and subsequent United Nations decisions.

In the second place, events have shown that Israel's policy is based on advocating and condoning an organised policy of reprisals on a large scale against isolated incidents of individual Arabs crossing the frontiers to visit their homes and properties from which they were ejected by force. The recent outrages and premeditated attacks at Qibya, Nahalin and Gaza, in which hundreds of innocent Arabs have been killed, serve as concrete examples of Israel's true intentions.

Can it still be said that Israel is showing restraint in the face of Arab "provocation"?

Thirdly, the Arab refugees of today are the responsibility of the United Nations, not because the Arab States "blackmailed Unrwa into spending millions annually," but because the United Nations has so far avoided taking any effective steps to make Israel comply with the repeated decisions of the United Nations that the Arab refugees should be allowed to return to their homes. The truth of the matter is that the Arab refugees "strangely enough," are also human beings with minds, emotion and sentiment. They resent any attempt to be used as "chattels" to be moved from place to place and demand to return to their homes and belongings in accordance with repeated United Nations decisions. Is this too much to ask?

Fourthly, Mr. Crossman's statement "and it was by boldly shooting down five British planes that Israel brought the Labour Cabinet to its senses and achieved *de facto* recognition," by itself can only be an encouragement to Israel to persist in her defiance policy and avoid making serious contributions to a just settlement; and clearly shows that the use of force guarantees achieving results.

I wonder what the official British comment would be on such a statement?

Kingdom of Jordan Embassy. JAMAL NASIR
Legal Adviser.

SIR,—Allow me to make a few observations regarding Mr. Crossman's penetrating analysis of the Middle East situation.

The central problem before the Western Powers is a question of priorities: what comes first—peace in

any other business?

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the area or Arab rearmament? The first course seems to be the most practicable one because without Arab-Israel co-operation there is no likelihood of stability in the Middle East. The various defence pacts with semi-feudal and disunited Arab States are built on shaky foundations. Their one-sided rearmament only adds fuel to the fire by increasing tension and the danger of local wars. Unfortunately, the second course was chosen with the disastrous results indicated by Mr. Crossman. His expression "slow murder of Israel" may be an exaggeration. But it is a fact that the present policy of the Western Powers leads to the upsetting of the present balance of power in the Middle East. Moreover, it is producing an arms-race in the area whose inevitable result is the increase of military budgets and a slowing down of social-economic development.

Will the policy of Arab rearmament and the cold-shouldering of Israel—the only stronghold of social progress in the Middle East—make the region secure against the possibility of external aggression? This is open to doubt. The Arab States can't be relied upon to use arms in defence of democracy. Their reactionary rulers and military dictators have no interest to defend the democratic way of life. The Arab States don't hide the fact that they need arms in order to annihilate Israel.

What is the idea behind the policy of giving free arms to the Arab States? If the intention is to make them ready for a major conflagration, then it is too ridiculous for words; even in a war with conventional weapons the weak and corrupted Arab States are of very little use. If the idea is to supply the Arabs with arms in their struggle against Israel, then this is something of which public opinion should take notice. It would hardly allow the endangering of a great social experiment which is one of the bright spots of an otherwise darkened world.

The internal controversy in Israel how to react to the policy of Arab rearmament is a natural one for any democratic State where public opinion takes a keen interest in foreign affairs. The dilemma confronting the leaders of Israel is how to react to the present dangers: keep up the policy of restraint in the face of gross provocation by her neighbours or to meet the clamour of public opinion and retaliate. It is a difficult problem for any statesman in similar circumstances. It is up to the Western Powers to help Israel to meet what is unquestionably a difficult situation. Any attack on Israel would be disastrous from the point of view of Middle East developments; it may involve the Great Powers and constitute a serious threat to world peace.

Fortunately, the position is not entirely bleak. Since its inception Israel has made considerable progress. She has more than doubled her population. She has built more than 400 new settlements. She has greatly developed her industry. The Arab economic blockade has provided Israel with an impetus for the expansion of her export trade and for the successful quest of more distant markets. She has built up her own air line and merchant marine. She has developed her social legislation. The membership of the trade union organisation—Histadruth—has been trebled. Israel's Prime Minister—Moshe Sharett—clearly defined the goal of the new State when he declared:

> Our outlook is one of a hard-working, modest living, cultured democracy, making the best of its human and national resources by a persistent pioneering effort, advanced education, the improved technology, and painstaking scientific research—learning from the experience of other nations and putting its lessons to the best possible use.

It must be clear by now to any observer of the Middle East scene that Israel—in the same way as Britain—will rather fight for her freedom than submit to aggression. She has won by suffering and hard labour the respect of democratic opinion throughout the world. The people of Israel have often stood with their backs to the wall. They had previously had overwhelming odds against them. They won through in the end. They will do it again but they need the friendship and help of freedom-loving people throughout the world.

S. LEVENBERG

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THE BODLEY HEAD

PARTY LOYALTY

SIR,—Now that the Bevan episode is over, we can consider the reaction of the local Labour parties to the overbearing demeanour of certain trade unions. A little plain speaking among ourselves, in a spirit of tolerance, should help us all to see matters in a clearer light. We have been told that there should be no "organised groups" within the Labour Party, but the most powerful group of all, the T.U.C., being an independent body, cannot be suppressed. What is obviously needed now is a federation of local Labour parties, to speak for the constituencies as the T.U.C. speaks for the unions. It is not fair that one of the two main sections of the party should be highly-organised and articulate, while the other section is not organised at all.

For nearly half a century I have believed and taught that the trade union funds were the "bedrock foundation" of the Labour Party as a democratic party, because they ensured that it should be democratically financed, and therefore democratically controlled ("democratic" in the sense of belonging to the people). This was true so long as the union votes were fairly well distributed, but the rise of a few monolithic unions has given the leaders of those unions a measure of control over the Labour Party comparable with that exercised over the old capitalist parties by their wealthy supporters. The decision of two of these unions to increase their contributions to 415,000 more votes speaks for itself.

Some union leaders claim that "he who pays the piper should call the tune." Never was there a more fallacious, or a more dangerous, claim. The local Labour parties are not the paid pipers of the unions, but equal partners with them in a joint enterprise. The willing, devoted service of tens of thousands of individual members in the constituencies is just as essential to the success of the Labour Party as the trade union contributions, and this service cannot be bought with money. The sooner the stupid old proverb about paying the piper is dropped the better, or those who do the paying may find themselves without a piper.

DAVID THOMAS

Bangor.

SIR,—It would be interesting to hear Mr. Crossman's solution to the problem of the rights of the minority, for it is one which has defeated far greater than he. In his interesting article of April 2 he has stated the obvious clearly: in a democratically organised party, as in all democratic government, it is always the majority which directs the whole, and the minority, which may after all contain forty-nine out of each hundred and may even "look like becoming a majority," is gently but resolutely pushed to the wall.

It is surely true to say that the equality of the individual is the basic principle of democracy and Socialism alike. This being so, what method other than that of majority rule can Mr. Crossman suggest for the determination of all issues demanding a decision? Can the minority be more equal than the majority? Aristotle—by no means a friend of democracy—saw that two qualities were inherent in the conception of democracy: the sovereignty of the majority and the liberty of the individual. The dismay Mr. Crossman feels in the first of these qualities may perhaps be relieved by the second: he has the liberty to be a member of a minority even though he has the obligation to submit to the majority. Mr. Bevan has himself found this consolation. In his statement to the National Executive Committee he said, "The essence of democracy in a political party is to allow the argument to continue. . . ." The only right the minority may demand is the right to state their differences: for the rest it must depend upon the respect paid to its potential power rather than its actual importance.

JANET DRAPER

Somerville College,
Oxford.

BART ERRANT

SIR,—Your profile concludes that however much some of us may welcome a victory for Sir Richard Acland at Gravesend, "the Labour Party will still have lost a seat; and there will be others, hard-headed, practical politicians, who will condemn (as they have before) the irresponsibility of a man who will sacrifice his party to the comfort of a somewhat histrionic conscience."

The final sneer is evidently to be ascribed to these hard-headed practical politicians rather than to the writer of your article. Their notion of political morality is oddly reminiscent of the hard-faced planners in the Pentagon; even of the hard-headed realists in the Kremlin.

Yet to charge Acland with irresponsibility just now suggests a gift for irony rare in politicians. Presumably a certain intelligence, then. Is there still some hope of getting it into their hard heads that the hydrogen bomb is a little more important than the question whether Labour wins or loses a seat in the House?

R. W. GASKELL

2 Howitt Road, N.W.3.

SIR,—Your profile of Sir Richard Acland ends with a reference to "the irresponsibility of a man who will sacrifice his party to the comfort of a somewhat histrionic conscience." There will be others, I think, besides "hard-headed politicians" who will condemn, but perhaps from a different point of view from that which your contributor suggests.

I joined the Forward March (not "Our Struggle") Movement a few months after the beginning, and remained active in the Commonwealth Party, in one of the biggest branches, for several years after 1945. I can, therefore, confirm that your contributor is both exact and fair when he writes that after "Putney, 1945, and a lost deposit (Sir Richard Acland) did not wait to regroup his followers: He resigned. . . ." But where was the conscience in that, whether histrionic or not?

NEIL R. FISK

5 Grange Court,
Pinner.

PRINCIPIA ETHICA

SIR,—The discussion as to the meaning of the word "good" in Mr. Hampshire's article in your issue of April 2 reminds me forcibly of an observation I heard G. K. Chesterton make on this very point.

A discussion was going on as to whether some project was good or bad. G. K. was asked his

opinion; he instantly replied, "the word 'good' has many meanings; for example, if a man were to shoot his grandmother at a range of five hundred yards I should call him a good shot, but not *necessarily* a good man."

That "necessarily" made the reply unforgettable.

E. W. FORDHAM

LOBBIES OF THE SOUL

SIR,—Mr. Howard avoids mentioning my two specific corrections of errors in his *Spectator* article by saying that it is I who have been "misleading" in offering an opinion contrary to his on a matter not proveable either way. He may indeed be right in thinking that fundamentalism is stronger at Cambridge than at Oxford. My opinion was based on conversations with undergraduates and college chaplains at both universities. Mr. Howard does not contest my point that, for practical reasons, some of which I gave, college chaplains at Cambridge are in a slightly better position constructively to resist the onset of fundamentalism.

Another curious ploy in Mr. Howard's technique of contradiction is to accuse me of saying something which I did not say, and then paraphrase what I did say, in apparent rebuttal of me, as if the point were his. Thus, I explicitly stated that political views of the extreme Right as well as of the Left were to be found among Anglo-Catholics: yet Mr. Howard tries to make out that I "half-heartedly" pretend the opposite, and proceeds to expatiate, with some heat, on the incidence of Right-wing views among Anglo-Catholics.

However, Mr. Howard, Canon Stockwood and I will all end up, I hope, in the same Lobby, and I expect that we shall spend an interesting Purgatory together.

TOM DRIBERG

Bradwell-juxta-Mare, Essex.

TWO NATIONS IN SCHOOL

SIR,—The plain fact is that the better public schools nourish educational and cultural standards which are far higher than their equivalents within the State system. It is also true that they nourish privilege. What follows from this? Lady Simon advocates indirect measures aimed at depopulating the public schools. There is, in my opinion, nothing to show that this would meet the real necessity, which is to improve standards within the State schools, and I mean standards of civilisation as well as academic attainment. The fault of the "eleven-plus" examination is not that it is egalitarian, but that it is too narrowly so. It fails to estimate the influence of parental nurture on academic success. Snobs apart, middle-class parents of intelligent children don't fail to put their children through the State system because they are afraid of competition; they do so because the standards they expect at home are far higher than those that are worked for at school. They may also feel that a bright child's potentiality as a scientist, a civil servant or a writer will be of use to the community according to the extent that it is cultivated.

"Privilege" is a relative term and so is (social) "class." "Ability," which Lady Simon says we are wasting (and she's quite right), is a very abstract one. You have to put these words down in homes, streets, schools, railways, factories, laboratories and libraries, before they mean anything. A grammar school place can be wasted on a child who is not encouraged at home, and that encouragement won't always be brought into existence by a State grant. The nurture has to be there. If we're facing facts about "class" and "privilege," we have to recognise that both, advantages and disadvantages attached, start at birth. Furthermore, the factors which sustain and develop ability are, in the first place, emotional. There are elements in middle-class traditions which give these factors primary weight, and strong elements in working-class traditions which do not. If the primary obstruction here is economic, it is not always in its economic form that it makes its impact on the child. Equality of opportunity in life can only be advanced via those social services which, working through the family, will enable working-class children to use equality of opportunity in education.

This will be slow, as education of the emotions is. You can train an intellect in thirteen or (including a university) sixteen years. It takes generations longer than that to make a good parent, or to work out family traditions of want. I don't mean to underestimate the large importance of sizes of classes, numbers of scholarships or of children leaving grammar schools before completing their course. And I think that, in the abstract, privilege is a bad thing. But I also think that (as science, social service or literature) many receivers of it give back what they get. And that before the public schools are abolished or circumscribed, the State will have to: (1) Build experimental schools the aim of which is to set high standards of learning and civilisation, which are compatible with the egalitarian ethos; (2) Recognise that its schools nourish beings not exam. passers; (3) Give its schools greater administrative independence which will help them to establish traditions of their own; (4) Recognise that teachers train but they also transmit, and that this transmission is a more delicate thing than the transmission between the engine and the back wheels of a motor car.

Pluckley, Kent. CLIFFORD COLLINS

OLIVE SCHREINER

SIR,—I was very pleased to read Basil Davidson's centenary article on that brave and talented woman, Olive Schreiner. There is another aspect of her work that I would like to call to mind. Her book *Woman and Labour* is a notable contribution to sociology, in spite of the emotional tone in which it is written and in spite of the feminist propaganda with which it is loaded. (After all, the *Wealth of Nations* is not entirely free from propaganda.) Her thesis, that the position of women in society is related to their economic functions (or lack of them), is one that was not a commonplace forty-four years ago. If it is generally accepted today, this is due, partly at least, to Olive Schreiner's brilliant, if unbalanced, book. Its ideas, minus the passion and the prejudice, have passed into general circulation, and are held by many who know nothing about their author. In the history of sociological thought, Olive Schreiner has a definite place.

H. D. DICKINSON

The University, Bristol, 8.

GUTTUSO

SIR,—Mr. Gowing chides me for writing about Guttuso's politics in order to avoid his pictures. He then does precisely the same himself. In fact, I agree that there is a lot which has not yet been said about Guttuso's painting as such. His exclusive use of local colour, his Italian insistence on drawing (instead of tone or colour) as the basis of his work, his debt to Géricault rather than, as is usual nowadays, to Courbet—these points raise important questions which will certainly have to be discussed. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Gowing's insinuation that Guttuso's attitude to violence is ambiguous, is an entirely arbitrary one. I suspect that it springs from the hostility with which the passive so often regard the active. True, Guttuso does not mourn the suffering of "the victims" he paints. He goes further. He fights to defend them. To the victims themselves—to, for example, the several hundred workers of Piombino now in prison for political offences—it is the "purer" sympathy of remote intellectuals like Mr. Gowing which may seem a trifle ambiguous.

JOHN BERGER

4 Nutley Terrace, N.W.3.

HAMPSTEAD NEWS

SIR,—It is regrettable that Flavus, in praising the forthrightness of the *Hampstead & Highgate Express*, did not note that another local paper, *Hampstead News*, gave considerable front-page space (compared with the *Express's* page five story) and a picture to the event, under the headline "This Arts Ball was a disgrace"—all this one day before the *Express*. The following week the Artists Council were given front-page space for their reply, compared with an inside page given by the *Express*.

Hampstead News, STEWART VALDAR
75 Fairfax Road, N.W.6. *Editor.*

IAN FLEMING
Moonraker

The third of James Bond's adventures begins quietly in his office . . what was to happen to him was to happen out of the clear blue skies of summer, here, in England, as it might have been yesterday. 10s. 6d.

P. H. NEWBY
The Picnic at Sakkara

'There are moments of high farce and, as usual, the final pleasure comes from the good writing and intelligent handling'. *V. S. Pritchett in the* BOOKMAN. 12s. 6d.

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Book Society Recommendation.

VAUGHAN WILKINS
Valley beyond Time

The most ambitious and ingenious novel the author of *And So—Victoria* has given us concerns the fortunes of a Texan senator who first saw Cibola, the mysterious land of the ever-young, in his youth, and made it the object of his life's search. 12s. 6d.

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'Has a reassuringly professional smell of newsprint about it.' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Trial of Strength deserves, and thunderingly, that equivocal adjective "readable". It is short and compact . . . smooth . . . and the pace is terrific. Sharp and slick, acid but never angry, uncomfortable but salubrious. *Isabel Quigly* in the SPECTATOR. 12s. 6d.

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'One is tempted to believe that Mr. Plomer has done the most difficult, if not impossible thing, and created an entirely new type of ballad.' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 7s. 6d.

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Many years of research and an unrivalled knowledge of the printed sources and literature lie behind this history of Western Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. *Frontispiece* 25s.

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This revision of a standard one-volume survey of American history is one of the most readable and teachable texts available. *Profusely Illustrated* 50s.

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Huxley's Brave New World

A QUARTER of a century ago we could read *Brave New World* with excitement for its entertainment value, but now we re-read it with a chill of apprehension for its prophecies. In the early Thirties it had just that plausibility which typifies the best science fiction, but the theme was too improbable, or if not improbable, then remote (Mr. Huxley dated it 600 years on) to spoil the fun. The whole process of conditioning, hypnopædia and the rest, was enough in line with what the behaviourists were saying to carry conviction, for this was the period when a psychologist like Watson could boast that, whether a man wished to sell a soap or fill a church, he could tell him how to do it.

In 1955, however, *Brave New World* is rather too near the bone. One reads it more with an eye to its sociological relevance than to its sociological inventions. The Savage, Mustapha Mond, Lenina and the others have become nothing but symbols whose eternal quality completely overshadows their character or fate as individuals. The author himself recognises the heightened urgency of his message, for in the preface to the 1946 edition he places the possibility of *Brave New World* no more than a hundred years ahead.

In one sense this seems to be a true, and in another a false, reading of our times. It is false because Huxley has been rather let down by science; the enormous advances in both neurology and psychology have not provided us with improved techniques for moulding human nature. On the contrary, they have simply made us aware of unexpectedly heightened difficulties. For example, it would now be very naive to assume that giving electric shocks to babies whenever they tried to pick a flower would eradicate the sense of beauty. It would seem that there is in psychology, as in physics, a zone of action in which prediction is inherently impossible, not only because of the complex factors to be assessed, but because of some psychic uncertainty factor. Under the impact of quantum mechanics and relativity, the physicists have had to abandon the ordered concepts of classical mechanics, and now, a few decades later, the psychologists have largely done the same. Of course, from the genetical point of view, Mr. Huxley was being more visionary and we are little nearer to producing babies in bottles or to Bokanovsky's Process. To my knowledge, the only significant advance in the direction of biological control lies in the refrigeration of semen, but this cannot be done with human seed, which loses fertility in the process of either freezing or the subsequent thawing.

But if Mr. Huxley was psychologically wrong, he was sociologically right in diagnosing the scarcely perceptible trends of 1930. The last twenty years have seen ominous attempts to actualise his World State's motto of COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY, and near-psychological techniques of propaganda by various media, of brain-washing, and of purposeful brutality, have all been used towards this ideological end. They have not been entirely successful, or achieved their successes in the expected directions or for the proper reasons, but the point is that they have been tried because it is recognised that there must be a basis of emotional consent to any abiding social structure. Moreover, this consent can only be absolute if the volcanoes of human passion and creation are as dead as Erebus. "But that's the price we have to pay for stability. You've got to choose between happiness (the servant of stability) and what people used to call high art. We've sacrificed the high art." So said Mustapha Mond, with a logic which has been echoed elsewhere.

The disaster of the Nine Years' War forced upon mankind the necessity of stability, and eventually the World State was established by a system of education and biological differentiation which made almost everyone content to remain in the station to which it had pleased Ford to call him. Faced with the hydrogen bomb, we are in much the same boat. Indeed, even before armaments reached such terrifying proportions, the world was sufficiently uncertain and confused to make stability an infinitely desirable goal. Some individuals reached it, enclosing themselves in the inner regimentation of neurosis, escaping doubt and the lonely burden of choice in fantasied terms of compulsion and obsession. Some societies have sought it, becoming closed societies cut off from the community of nations as the neurotic may be cut off from his fellows, following some interior logic of ideology, depending more and more on myth and ritual, order and blind consent, on paranoid hostilities directed outwards, on fictions which keep the people at levels of alternating anxiety and contentment. This is particularly true of Nazi Germany, which emerged after *Brave New World* was published, and also in some respects of Soviet Russia, about which relatively much less was known in the 1930s. However, the relevance of these two systems to *Brave New World* does not lie in those features which arouse most emotion, but in their attempt to achieve final stability—the 1,000 years' Reich and the Classless Society—and in their understanding of the psychological problems which this involves. Both aimed, not only at the political revolution by which stasis is achieved, but at the revolution in the souls of men by which alone it can be maintained.

The Nazis, at least, failed for reasons which were largely psychological, as is clear if we recall the conflicts and cleavages existing in Germany long before defeat became inevitable. Jung has suggested that the psyche has a way of escaping and then smashing the systems which are built to confine it, but Mr. Huxley—the Mr. Huxley of twenty-odd years ago—did not give the psyche much credit. There is an odd contradiction between his vivid sociological understanding, and his lack of psychological acumen. If the past has anything to teach, it is that what is planned by statesmen does not only fail because of flaws in the plan, but because of the unpredictable eruption of emotion.

Mr. Huxley was equally at fault, as is now perfectly obvious from anthropological research, in his portrayal of the Indian tribe of the Reservation, and of the Savage, in so far as he was typical of it. On the whole, primitive is no more darkly pathological than civilised society, and it is simply incorrect to say that there is nothing between barbaric ritual and spiritual entropy. Most primitive religions serve, as do those of literate peoples, to reconcile men and women to the eternal emergencies of life, and a horror cult like that of the Mau Mau is as abnormal among primitives as was Nazism among Europeans.

Yet how keen one is to prove that Mr. Huxley was not entirely right, that he made misjudgments on matters which are immaterial to the development of his story or the pungency of his warning! For what was once simply a macabre *jeu d'esprit* to be enjoyed with a *frisson*, has now attained the status of a hypothesis to be disproved. But in these intervening years, Mr. Huxley has himself put up a powerful opposition. He wrote *Brave New World* at a time when he was amused to think "that human beings were given free will to choose between insanity on the one hand and lunacy on the other," and the book was a logical development from *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay* whose ironical and faintly disgusted despair found their ultimate extension in this ghastly Utopia. Yet it would seem that the same human quality which ultimately defies prediction and conditioning, the quality in fact which makes us human, drove Mr. Huxley at a tangent away from *Brave New World* and towards *The Perennial Philosophy*. He still views man's folly with fascinated repulsion, but there is compassion now to temper his coldness. He is still pessimistic about mankind as a whole, and who can be fully confident? But having come to recognise that there is more to the human spirit than a bundle of reflexes, he allows himself to hope where individuals are concerned. He has pointed out that between the opposite atrophies of savagery and technology there is a narrow escape route towards continuing growth and insight.

Even in his later novels there is a strange remoteness from the ordinary human scene. Instead of the dichotomy of *Brave New World*, we have the divide between those who are trapped in the world of the flesh and those who escape into the world of the spirit. But few men are either robots or savages or saints, but a bit of all three, and from the tension between these potentialities come the thrust, the turbulence, the incalculable variety of loss and achievement, of creation and destruction, which dominate the history of mankind. Mr. Huxley has perceived certain facets of the human scene with extraordinary clarity, but has divorced them from their context.

Brave New World, it can be predicted, will never be achieved; the very tendencies making towards it put pressure upon their opposites. Order and anarchy are very close, since by enforcing the first we stimulate the second, just as the anarchy of post-1918 Germany led to the pathological drive for per-

manence under Hitler. But if no *Brave New World*, then what? When "men's hearts will be dried up with fear, as they await the troubles that are overtaking the world," will the "Kingdom of God" be close at hand, as was promised on the first Good Friday? Or 1984?

ADAM CURLE

The Abolitionist

The clear-cut, alien fault he understood.
Thinking he saw a universe of good
A fruit within his reach
He grabbed, and made the breach.

Upon his rock of faith the Union broke.
Five hundred thousand dead repaired that stroke;
His own obsessions bore
Into the risks of war

—War nearly lost at that, upon the free
Bayonets of Pickett's infantry,
And almost worse when won
Than if never begun.

Freedom had soaked too deep to hold apart
From the slow flowering of the decent heart,
The work of Jackson, Lee
Setting his own slaves free.

But he brought on us, almost to this day,
The carpetbaggers and the K.K.K.
A running ulcer till
Eased by the South's goodwill.

A sort of saint. And our own times can learn
How deadly such humanity will turn
Which serves to decorate
And justify that hate

Till it approve, in cattle-trucks and camps
Or under the interrogator's lamps,
What treads its own first flower
Into the filth of power.

ROBERT CONQUEST

An Eagle Clawing Feathered Space

An eagle clawing feathered space
Plunges, a furious
Winged plummet, sheer through blue
—And veers off, rising to
Another hit, another miss.

Frightened feather, fur, fish
Slips or catches in the talon.
Space, sparing of a wish,
More so of its satisfaction,
Empties round its royal felon.

In the white round of day and day,
The black round of night and night
I've watched time driving itself away
Minute on scurrying minute, in wait
For the ripe moment, the real prey.

The past drops into a yawn
On the present's empty face.
Over what's come and gone
I'm caught to the relentless surface
Of the course I'm riding on

Between lack and liberty,
Hung for a second on the thought
—Old as human irony—
Of what could be and what is not,
Imagining an eagle's free.

DAVID PAUL

STRIKE BOOK LIST

The following new books have been published since the newspaper strike began :

Going to the Wars by JOHN VERNEY

BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE for April

"**A work of literature.** Will recall both Edmund Blunden and Siegfried Sassoon. One of the funniest war books yet published."—DANIEL GEORGE

B.B.C. CRITICS' CHOICE:

"**It's a very** light-hearted book, as well as an exciting and extremely well-written one."—MARGARET LANE *12s. 6d.*

Give me that Man by E. G. COUSINS

A powerful novel with lovable characters, written in just that way that moved Morchard Bishop to call him "a prince among story-tellers." *10s. 6d.*

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A book that for action, historical accuracy and colour, vies with the best of Kenneth Roberts'. A magnificent account of two men on the Royalist side in the struggle which brought America her Independence. *12s. 6d.*

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A reprint of Koestler's first book in English, which we can now read as a document of the highest literary and historical importance, for it is the account of his escape from France written immediately after the collapse. *15s.*
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The story of an expedition to Abyssinia by five Cambridge undergraduates. "A real travel book, readable, entertaining, well illustrated."
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"**A big book.** A magnificent piece of evocative writing."—GLASGOW HERALD *12s. 6d.*

COLLINS

Privacy and Pride

Velazquez. Introduction by JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET. *Collins.* 42*s.*

"Le peintre le plus peintre qui fut jamais" —Thoré's description of Velazquez now seems less complete a vindication than it was in the epoch of Courbet and Manet. We understand the word *painter* rather differently: an aesthetic of painting which supposes so much of its richness to lie in *how* it is done, in how perfectly the technical business is despatched, is under suspicion. Indeed, any impersonal standard of perfection seems to overlook just what we value most in European art. Certainly the impersonality of Velazquez's court portraits, the very perfection of the performance, often effectively conceals their force. They are the work of a painter without a public, like a willing captive from real life, an artist with time on his hands. Yet the man who produced them, whose brush (when he came to paint) followed with so elegant an obedience his obedient, courteous eye, had in his twenties discovered—in his own nature, we cannot doubt—a viewpoint and a use for art of a very different kind. The sombre creatures of the Seville pictures, secretively involved in themselves, holding their humanity darkly to them in the shaded labyrinths of tavern and kitchen, are doubly real. They have not only the common realism of the Caravaggesque style: they are in a profound sense real to their painter, the true inhabitants of his personal world. There is a meaning in them which hardly appears again.

Something of what was done by Velazquez in his early years in Seville, was never done again and the loss is irreparable. His own understanding of the metier of painter evidently altered: we imagine that he became another kind of man, and the personal thread connecting the two is elusive. Ortega y Gasset, whose observations (evidently much reduced) preface this book, is reported to have suggested in a version published in Spain that Velazquez never wanted to be a painter at all. One sees what he means—the paradox is attractive—but the testimony against it is overwhelming. Even the most polite and summary of the later portraits speaks against it.

Velazquez was perhaps in a sense a victim, the victim of an appointment which few painters would have refused; the victim also of an example, the compelling example of Rubens. He was the victim, most of all, of an idea, a formal view of man: Gracian tells as much about Velazquez as does Castiglione in *The Courtier* about the portraiture of the High Renaissance. As a theme, human reality was replaced by the Man of Discretion, so completely that life was finally perceptible only as a vestige pathetically embedded in the general formality.

The curious thing is that this fate agreed with Velazquez so well. It was, indeed, something of a liberation: the shadowed, furrowed aspect of the early pictures gave place to a light and effortless clarity. The status of Rubens, his internationalism and the brush that moved freely and rhythmically at one remove from physical reality, must all have seemed attractive: many painters trained in the Caravaggesque method were similarly affected. But the court style of Velazquez was entirely his own. If any influence was decisive, it was the quality of aristocratic disdain which he caught from the milieu. It would be beneath this style, in its final form, to particularise or describe, in the manner of the court styles of the rest of Europe: it would be beneath paint to seem to be anything but paint. Representation comes about as if by chance. The brush, passing as lightly across the forms as light itself, is independent of real matter. We understand that the court milieu had a special virtue for such a painter. The virtue was perhaps in the very fact that no intimacy was required or possible.

The milieu and the style with which he matched it, the very standing and isolation which they gave him, seem in fact to have provided a kind of solution of precisely what is oppressive, and poignant, in the early pictures. There the very sense of life is melancholy. The painter's grave attention discovers at the heart of his subject an element which resists him, a mute, inward principle of life which the eye cannot reach. Under the skin, locked irretrievably within, and implicit in all the functions of living—in eating and drinking, in singing and the maidservant's reverie—is something secret and longed-for in which no spectator ever shares. We sense that for this painter to look closely, to depict physically, was to feel a painful deprivation.

The loss, and the liberation, of Velazquez was that his world gave him, as it were, permission to turn away from the issue that held the greatest personal meaning for him. What had been dwelt on directly in Seville, in the dark depth of common life, was in Madrid, in the cold theatre of royalty, reflected only obliquely in a distant refinement of style. The style was perfect: the disengaged, immaterial touch with which the visible veil of things was rendered carries its own related meaning. But absolute seriousness was progressively replaced by an absolute discretion. We might suppose the development inevitable, if Velazquez had not seen the grotesque representatives of common life kept for amusement in the retinue, and felt again the profound magnetism, his original motive. The three portraits, of two dwarfs and a buffoon (a fourth, the *Sebastian de Morra*, seems to be by someone else), regain a natural human substance: the painter looks directly and a real depth is momentarily uncovered.

Such glimpses were exceptional: the great part of the court painting was on a different level. The use which he found for painting was in general a less profound one. There was a corresponding change in the character of the pictures: the typical works of the middle period, delicate and splendid patterns of lilac and powdery blue (of which no book but this one gives any idea), have, by contrast with the deeply felt unity of the early canvases, the consistency only of decoration. Velazquez came to look with elegant detachment even upon his own original theme. Pictures like the *Mars* (and what is perhaps the last of jesters, *Don Juan of Austria*) have a double irony: it is not only ironical that the god is no more than a model, there is a shadow of irony in the manliness of the man.

This was not, of course, the end of Velazquez: he reached at last a more profound conclusion. It was due, perhaps, not only to a crucial moment—the only time that his personal status was ever in question—when he found himself in Rome with two pictures to paint and his immense professional standing to justify. It was as much the outcome of that tendency of great painters at the end of their career to reflect with a final comprehension upon the essence of their life and work. The result was that great, sad masterpiece, *Las Meninas*. Only in front of the original, perhaps, can we feel the strangeness of Velazquez's world, and of his own complete acceptance of it. Its inhabitants are captured, as if unaware, with their human delicacy or grotesqueness and all their still, inward life intact: they are separately and perfectly preserved by the grey light and the formal rule. Velazquez made the rule and the light his own: he lived by them. This is in fact the picture of his life—and no one can hope to paint more: it is the perfect fruit of a privacy and a pride which were at root essential to him. The achievement makes one think that, whatever course Velazquez had taken, the final meaning would not have been very different.

LAWRENCE GOWING

DOWN IN THE DRINK

Ralph Barker

True stories of the Goldfish Club—airmen who came down in the sea and survived.

'An absorbing picture of grimly heroic conduct.' *Daily Telegraph*

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The Origin of the Communist Autocracy: Political Opposition in the Soviet State: First phase 1917-1922. By LEONARD SCHAPIRO. *Bell.* 35*s.*

Until recently the most important question about the Bolsheviks was assumed to be, how they got power. Edmund Wilson was content when he had brought Lenin to the Finland station; Bertram Wolfe described the Three who made a revolution. No doubt this was quite right. There was a time when capitalism seemed the greatest of evils, and its overthrow the greatest of goods. Now power—political power, scientific power, any sort of power—has taken first place among human ills. We want to know what the Bolsheviks did with power when they got it. The Ten Days that Shook the World in November 1917 were metaphorical. The shaking that the world is likely to receive soon from the lovers of power will be a good deal more than a literary explosion. Lenin was the symbol of this corruption—the great Utopian who became the first conscious totalitarian. Though everyone knows that this happened, it has not been explained or analysed. Lenin's enemies assume that he was corrupt from the beginning; others are content to assert that the events between 1917 and 1922 were "inevitable" (which only means that they happened).

Mr. Schapiro is a pedestrian and sometimes a diffuse writer; yet his is the essential book to put into the hands of anyone who wants to know what went wrong with Bolshevism after the October revolution. His method is in part chronological, in part analytic. He first traces the development in Lenin's theory and practice from the beginning of 1917 until the peace of Brest-Litovsk; then explains the fate of the rival Socialist parties; and finally shows how opposition, or even disagreement, perished inside the Communist party itself. On all these topics he is sensible, scholarly and reliable. It is indeed almost incredible that a book of such impartiality could be written in the era of the cold war. Mr. Schapiro betrays no commitment except to justice and humanity. He dismisses the crude view that Lenin merely loved power just as firmly as he doubts the plea that the Bolsheviks had no alternative. For instance, he makes it clear that the Kronstadt revolt of 1921, far from making the suppression of opposition inside the Communist party necessary, was deliberately exploited to suppress the complaints of Communists who were foremost in fighting against the Kron-

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stadt rebels. Professor Carr and Mr. Deutscher both emerge heavily mauled on this point.

Again, the Mensheviks were silenced and then banned on the charge that they were counter-revolutionary. In reality, they lost the struggle with the Bolsheviks largely because they would do nothing which might help the counter-revolution. The wars of intervention, in fact, saved the Bolsheviks from political defeat, though they also helped to drive them along the road of political corruption. Contemporaries believed that Lenin and his party might have avoided dictatorship and the terror, had it not been for the civil wars. Mr. Schapiro is inclined to hold that their road led inevitably to dictatorship once they claimed to be the sole saviours of mankind. This is the only point on which I disagree with him a little. He thinks that the Bolsheviks were irredeemably corrupted by their principles, Lenin, of course, most of all; and that Lenin's great misfortune was to combine Utopianism with a superb mastery of tactics. I doubt whether ideas made all that difference even with Lenin. His triumph has caused immeasurable harm in the world. And yet—which side would one have been on in 1919? Lenin's side, or the side of Kolchak, Denikin and Churchill? Without the wars of intervention, Lenin could not have become a tyrant; but without these wars he would not have been so eager to become one.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Bede's *History of the English Church and People*, newly translated by Leo Sherley-Price, is based on the Latin text prepared by Charles Plummer (Penguin Books, 3s. 6d.); *Clarendon: Selections from the History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars*, and *The Life by Himself* is a new World's Classics double volume edited by G. Huehns (Oxford, 8s. 6d.). New additions to the Chatham House series include *Survey of International Affairs*, 1952, by Peter Calvocoressi and *Documents on International Affairs*, 1952 (Oxford, 45s. and 55s. each).

where Bleed the Many

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The Seas of Sicily. By PHILIPPE DIOLÉ. Translated by ALAN ROSS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Isles to Windward. By DANE CHANDOS. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

In the horrid spate of travel books at the present time it is as delightful as rare to come on one in which there is some real play of mind. The essence of the genre, it is all too seldom realised, is selection: bulk is no substitute for intelligence, nor honest intentions for a point of view. There are too many industrious people beavering about the globe just now, too many facile pens muddying the water for others; and there appears to be a common delusion that the laborious report of every occurrence, the faithful description of each trivial encounter, must somehow add up to a contribution to letters.

From these, Monsieur Diolé offers us a welcome vacation. His book is only 176 pages long but in that short space he brilliantly evokes not only the island that we know today but the many other Sicilies of an intense and tangled past. Nothing here has been mugged up: it is the work of a full and cultivated mind, lit by flashes of intuition, enhanced by strokes of poetic fancy. And the lapidary phrases that bring so sharply before the eyes a Greek temple by the sea, Sicilian boatmen in the sun, the angels in the great churches of Palermo, or set up in the mind a whole enjoyable train of historical reflection, are as it were thrown in for good measure. The principal theme of the book is the surrounding sea and the marvels to be explored beneath its surface.

"I love those places where man is not yet sure of himself," the author writes, and again:

> Travel on land tends always towards factual record: it is a question of the greatest number of miles travelled, a championship of churches and paintings, a competition involving masterpieces and landscapes. Underwater travel is a question of halts, of drawing nourishment from the quality of the moment. The tenuousness of its aims puts it outside number and distance, and allows it only the perfect, the exquisite, the consummate.

It is the quality of his moments in the shadowy depths that the author tries to share, and he succeeds in doing so in spite of the limping translation he has received. He communicates to us the freshness, the surprise, the excitement of a new world, the fantastic loveliness of its unfamiliar scenery, the vertical beds of dazzling sea-flowers, the curious physical sensations and mental experiences of moving in a strange element, the unexpectedness of the creatures living in it. One of the most enchanting pages in the book describes a frolic with an octopus, brought about by a sudden and warm mutual sympathy. The author strove with all his might to entertain his new friend who, though willing, was still a little inclined to be coy and play hard-to-get and would set off into the blue with his tentacles flowing out behind like a bridal train:

> I caught up and folded my arms about him. He seemed quieter and rather tired. We tried to find a rhythm to our stroking, and when we did so it was blissful. The now docile octopus slid from one hand to the other. . . . His yellow eyes blazed for a moment and I realised that by looking at them I should know exactly when our friendly relationship was about to cease.

The text is illustrated by photographs both of the sea-bed and the land, and here again taste and imagination are evident in their choice and arrangement. I closed this delicious and captivating little book with a sense of having been given a feast: not a banquet, still less a blow-out, but a beautifully chosen and elegantly proportioned meal, prepared by an artist.

Opening the new volume from Mr. Dane Chandos I was grieved to find on the dust-cover certain words from a previous review of mine which, winkled out of their context, give the impression that I am a fan of this author. As we all know, publishers have their little ways: it should at least be a salutary lesson to me to eschew irony and express myself in simple and unmistakable terms. Mr. Chandos is painstaking, well-intentioned and high-minded: he is also cosy, anaemic and inclined to prolixity. I do not know when I have read such bloodless prose; and the curious thing about it is that the author elects to spend his time in the most full-blooded places in the world, Mexico, Spain and now the West Indies. He hums away like a sewing machine and at the end of it all the one vivid impression that remains is of the writer's own unfaltering complacency. His major pronouncements are apt to be absurd, as when he says for instance that a capital should enshrine the intangible qualities of democracy, or stereotype, as "It seems that any artistic movement of force and originality is unlikely to flourish in a Dictator State." The book is, however, nicely produced and well illustrated, and should be in great demand at the Lending Library.

HONOR TRACY

Detection

Stone Cold Dead in the Market. By CHRISTOPHER LANDON. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Grand Prix Murder. By DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Moonflower. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Death and the Night Watches. By VICARS BELL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Domestic Agency. By JOHN RHODE. *Geoffrey Bles.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The House is Falling. By NIGEL FITZGERALD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Go, Lovely Rose. By JEAN POTTS. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Death Before Bedtime. By EDGAR BOX. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Murder in Pastiche. By MARION MAINWARING. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stone Cold Dead in the Market brings a sinister addition to the nefarious practices so often attributed to the Stock Exchange. In his first venture into detection Mr. Landon manages to murder an unpopular stock-jobber in almost fool-proof fashion while in full view of a thousand milling onlookers. Perfect crimes, however, rarely lead to perfect solutions. To unravel his problem for our benefit Mr. Landon is obliged to winnow his suspects perfunctorily, to rely on coincidence and to take grave liberties with psychology. Such misfortunes commonly befall the novice in detection. But Mr. Landon has thought out an excellent plot and writes with great conviction: and we ought all to be grateful to him for explaining the mysterious arithmetic by which the Stock Exchange makes its living.

Another newcomer, Mr. Rutherford, enlightens us about an equally strange form of human activity: *Grand Prix Murder* describes vividly how racing motorists earn their livelihood, and occasionally lose their lives. The plot is of the simplest nature. A British racing team, competing against the Italians and Germans over the famous continental circuits, includes a murderer, for whom the reader is invited to keep a look-out. But jostling for position, sliding round "dicey" corners, and "gunning" down the straight at 200 m.p.h., for lap after lap, makes the brain reel. However wildly exciting, it seems a lunatic way to spend one's time; and it will come as no surprise to find in such company that the killer is only just a little madder than his victims.

With Mr. Nichols we return to a more gracious style of living, where flowers and domestic animals take precedence over mechanical engineering. "A man who could kill a dog would kill anything" is the sort of sentence that shows us our whereabouts. *The Moonflower* is an improvement on *No Man's Street*, making fewer demands on our credulity. The plot is ingenious. A wicked old lady is found dead in bed with a

broken neck, while an exotic flower blooms prematurely in her greenhouse. The two events are logically connected; and Mr. Green, the detective with the nonpareil nose, sniffs out the link between them. But Mr. Nichols and his publishers underestimate the hunt-followers of detection. A sleuthhound from Mrs. Christie's pack will beat Mr. Green to the solution even with a cold in the nose. The polished sentimentality of the writing, however, will appeal to a less critical public than us old fogies.

Death and the Night Watches is another of Mr. Vicars Bell's neatly contrived village murders, solved as usual by Dr. Baynes limping along on his artificial leg in his leisurely discursive way. One can be easily charmed, but not often misled, by Mr. Bell's old-fashioned style. Nobody but an unpleasant character has ever committed a murder in Dr. Baynes's village; and that limits the field of suspicion almost beyond endurance for more sophisticated readers. I can only recommend this book as a primer in detection for the fourth form.

The sixth form can be put to construe *The Domestic Agency*, a solid workmanlike job with no loose ends. A lady running a smart employment agency in Mayfair is shot through the eye while sitting in her office. Why *three* shots, and where did they come from? The extreme thoroughness of Jimmy Waghorn's investigation tends to be wearisome; but that is the fault of his creator, who will tie his crimes into such very tight knots. Mr. Rhode's greatest virtue is that his plots run true to real life, which (as we all know) is often dull, stodgy and repetitive.

In *The House is Falling* a woman topples through the banisters to her doom. Who pushed her? As in Mr. Fitzgerald's previous Irish problems the characters are vivacious and amusing, adrift on a sea of Irish inconsequence, their behaviour being quite unpredictable. To keep track of the plot, one must disregard the fun and the frolics, and glue one's eye to those banisters, when it will be seen that *nobody* could have pushed the lady. This is where Carter Dickson usually comes in; and Mr. Fitzgerald has not been slow to borrow some apparatus from that virtuoso of the impossible.

Another woman is pushed downstairs to death in *Go, Lovely Rose*, this time some cellar steps in the Middle West. Miss Jean Potts is a newcomer, but she knows all the modern tricks. The unwholesome atmosphere that pervades small towns in American detective stories is lovingly displayed. Under a mask of jollity and badinage all the marriages come unstuck, and the children feebly try to dodge the neuroses that have already sunk their elders in despair. Only the blackmailers are sufficiently integrated to get on with their work. One may predict a brilliant future for Miss Potts, who writes with great zest and ingenuity, but she might bear in mind that there are tidier ways of solving a murder than by making the criminal betray himself.

Peter Sargeant, whom we first met in *Death in the Fifth Position*, continues his suave career as an amateur detective in *Death Before Bedtime*. Bedtime always finds Peter at his best; and the story opens with him admiring the naked back of a Senator's daughter in a night train to Washington. But he never allows his sexual requirements to detract from his work, I'm glad to say, as whoever subsequently stowed a bomb in the Senator's fireplace and tried to poison Peter should have realised. Mr. Box's easy, humorous style is deceptive: beneath the casual surface there is a tricky little alibi to flummox the unwary reader.

Murder in Pastiche is a coterie joke which one must be well versed in detection to appreciate. Nine of the best known fictional detectives are crowded aboard ship where a providential murder puts them through their paces, and allows Miss Mainwaring to imitate the styles of Agatha Christie, Michael Innes, Erle Stanley Gardner, Ngaio Marsh, Rex Stout, Patricia Wentworth, Mickey Spillane and Dorothy L. Sayers. Some of the skits are effective, others would win no prize in a NEW STATESMAN competition. The best joke of all is that none of the crowd hits on the right solution. It's enough to make a bloodhound laugh!

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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>
> The high rate of idiocy, semi-idiocy and stark madness among convicted men in ordinary prisons should engage the attention of anyone in authority with a conscience in these matters, if such a person exists.

These quotations, from pages 176 and 191 of this turgid book, are perfectly fair selections; they reflect his whole purpose and temper. The purpose is sound enough: he urges reform of the homosexuality laws, of police procedure, of the search of premises without warrant, and of prison discipline, workshops, libraries, education, administration and recruitment. They could all do with reform here and there. But his temper is fatal to his purpose. He writes as a biliously angry man, snarling, whining and sneering his way through a nine months' sentence at Wormwood Scrubs and then leaving the noisome country of his birth and persecution for ever. It ought to be a lasting regret to his friends, and is certainly a loss to the literature of prison reform, that so good a writer, with such an opportunity, should have turned out a book worth even less

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than the ghosted memoirs of any dozen semi-literate ex-prisoners with a story to sell.

So much of what he writes is not even true that he forfeits all right to credence. It is a thousand pities, because some of his criticisms are sound and much of his anger is altruistic and generous. Examining Magistrates do not, for example, "merely fall back on an ancient Magisterial maxim: 'When in doubt, commit'" (p. 24). It is not true that the boy who caused the downfall of "Jack Grayson" (p. 136) was "found to be just under sixteen and fresh from a term in Borstal," for you cannot start a Borstal sentence under sixteen. It is not true that there are prison officers "scarcely able to read or write" (p. 173). And Mr. Croft-Cooke's sorely damaged standards of credulity, about the things upon which he cannot report at first hand, may be judged from this passage on page 240 about the prisoner's statutory right to petition the Home Secretary:

> If a popular theory among prisoners is true, a small bevy of minor civil servants with an office in Wandsworth Prison deal with all these petitions and send them back in batches to the prisons from which they came with appropriate printed slips. Even if this story is not true, the fact that most prisoners believe it is evidence enough of their well-founded scepticism.

That word "well-founded" must be left to speak for itself.

And yet I urge that serious notice be taken of this book. Quite apart from any need for a change in the law about private sexual morality (and the book will come as a gift to the opponents of change), there are complaints about "icy-cold cells" that are too particularised and familiar to be ignored, and there is undoubtedly an official tendency to regard the paucity of complaints from the prisoners as evidence that the food is appetising. The food you see on the plates in the well-appointed kitchens looks good enough when the Governor pauses on his rounds to taste it, but the complaints about it are too circumstantial to be wholly unfounded.

Mr. Croft-Cooke's experience suggests, moreover, that a Magistrate issuing a warrant of arrest in a case like his might well endorse it for immediate bail—the sureties can be found by the police as easily when they have just made the arrest as when the prisoner has spent a needless week-end in a police station cell. And there is a squalid little story about a letter Mr. Croft-Cooke received in prison from the Army Medal Office ordering him, in view of his conviction, to return at once his 1939-45 Star, Burma Star, Defence Medal and 1939-45 War Medal. What possible purpose, other than that of official spite, can be served by this miserable persecution? Being the man he is, Mr. Croft-Cooke vehemently refused to return his medals—"shoddy and ill-designed though they are," he wrote, acid to the last drop; and the War Office climbed down. They, at least, should not be allowed the reflection, which the rest of his book so diligently maintains, that only our Rupert is in step.

C. H. ROLPH

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Shamirpet

Indian Village. By S. C. DUBE. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

The Hindu villager is the most representative Indian, and makes up a sizable fraction of the total world population; yet, until fairly recently, it has been impossible to find a reliable account of village life in India. Anthropological studies have concerned themselves with the more primitive and exotic communities of the sub-continent. Over the past three years a remarkable series of articles has been appearing in that enterprising periodical, the Bombay-published *Economic Weekly*. These have given preliminary accounts of no less than fifteen village studies by British, American and Indian anthropologists and sociologists. Among the authors was Dr. Dube, of Osmania University, Hyderabad. He is now first in the field with a full-scale description of a village, and its publication may therefore be said to mark an epoch in social research. Dr. Dube's Indian background and Western scientific training give him a double insight. As a result he has succeeded in writing an admirably straightforward account of an extremely complicated subject.

In social organisation the village of Shamirpet mirrors the complexity of India. Among its 2,500 inhabitants, besides a substantial Muslim minority, sixteen Hindu castes are represented, which Dr. Dube groups into a hierarchy with nine levels, according to the regulations governing "all major forms of contact, *viz.*, touch, inter-dining and sexual intercourse." The castes are divided into endogamous sub-castes, which are further divided into exogamous clans and lineages. This ancient and elaborate system still dominates village behaviour, though Shamirpet is near enough to Hyderabad to have undergone some urban influence. A few families own the major part of the cultivated land. Most of the rest are landless or "possess only small fragments of dry land which are quite inadequate for their needs." Moreover the dice are loaded against the poor peasant who has to be content with the worst land, has difficulty in hiring plough-cattle and is forced to rely on money-lenders. Yet much evidence is given of the cohesiveness of village society. There is a village council with twenty-seven members including the heads of all the different castes. Some of those reckoned as "rich and influential" in the village come from the two untouchable castes, so that the hierarchy of wealth does not coincide with that of caste. Though there are many possibilities of conflict between individuals and between groups, the tendency of village society is to minimise friction through its own forms of arbitration and social control. Yet as Dr. Dube acutely puts it: "an extrovert and sensitive people who cannot conceal their approval or disapproval and who do not suppress their immediate reactions cannot have a very peaceful and quiet life."

Religion, whether Muslim or Hindu, besides providing a "bond of cohesion" also encourages a "spirit of resignation." But in view of frequent Western assumptions about the passivity of the East, it is important to underline Dr. Dube's statement that,

> this fatalism makes its appearance only when the people have tried their best to solve the problem and having spared no effort still find themselves no nearer a solution.

Among signs of change it is noted that: "The village has three gramophones. In the tea-shop there is a crystal radio. . . . The headman of the village has recently bought a 1928 model Ford." On the other hand the influence of the State is rated low. Its most significant innovation has been compulsory vaccination and inoculation "although people still believe that smallpox and cholera are the result of the wrath of two goddesses and annually organise ceremonies in their honour."

Nor should we assume that political consciousness in the State of Hyderabad is so advanced as the commentators have suggested or as Dr. Dube and his team of investigators themselves seem to have expected; for, he writes: "It was a surprise to us that in a village so near a large city there were many people who did not know the names of Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru and had only the haziest of ideas regarding the struggles of the Indian National Congress against British rule."

CHARLES MADGE

The Other Animal Farm

The Farming Kingdom. By NIGEL HARVEY. *Turnstile.* 15*s.*

Sweet reasonableness is the keynote of Mr. Harvey's new Baedeker to the land. Agricultural history is expounded as a series of logical responses to other changes; current farming practice is expounded step by step, product by product, tool by tool, as a series of logical responses to particular soils, climates, customers and crops. The treatment is broadly chronological up to 1914, and thereafter history and current problems are yoked together. The historical material is familiar but always freshly considered and vividly expressed. The vigour of the language and the practicality of the approach brings interest even to familiar furrows. Mr. Harvey has read widely and seems only to have missed the powerful advocacy of Dr. Chambers whereby several judges of appeal have set aside previous verdicts in the *cause célèbre* of Parliamentary Enclosure *v.* The Small Landowner. Mr. Harvey is for hanging.

Mr. Harvey's leading theme is the load-shedding process by which successive technologies have come in to ease the farmer's problems, leaving him an entrepreneur with a field of decision narrower but still crucial; it is no longer knowing which bit of folk-lore to believe, but which commercial traveller. Mr. Harvey is sometimes exasperated by the inattention paid to the expert's services, and agricultural education (in the widest sense) would be his prime recipe for efficiency. This view, which seems technocratic in bald summary, is tempered by a humane and good-humoured exposition. Its weakness is that it maps a Farming Kingdom without power politics. Just as one may read an old Baedeker of the 1890s without noticing any national rivalries or internal tensions, so Mr. Harvey's constitutional monarchy is surprisingly contented. Cuds are placidly chewed. The share-out of the spoils is not mentioned in polite society. The index has no reference to the National Farmers' Union nor of rural unionism later than Joseph Arch. Bad housing is criticised, but not bad schools and bad schooling. Political fabulists and those who scatter the seed in marginal rural con-

stituencies will find this book a sound investment; and the traveller in general will be educated and entertained. To a generation bred on Napoleon the Pig and the sausage-makers' forceful advertisements there is deep significance in its news that the pig's alimentary canal, in proportion to his size, is about half that of the cow or sheep. Away with the symbol of greed? Wait! "Alone among the four-legged meat-producers of the farm, he competes directly with mankind for the food he needs."

MAURICE BERESFORD

Gramophone Notes

THE complete Decca version of Verdi's *Otello* is far more consistently well recorded than the H.M.V., but there I think the advantages obdurately cease. As Iago, Aldo Protti sings well, but does not approach Valdengo in sinister power; Mario del Monaco is more convincing here than in the more lyrical parts he has recorded recently: Otello is, after all, a largely exclamatory role—but not entirely so, and when he has to deliver a line such "Datemi ancor l'eburnea mano" (Act 3), the result is without grace or feeling. Renata Tebaldi, again, is less nervous in Act 1 than Herva Nelli (H.M.V.) but of late years her voice has acquired a horrid quality whenever she presses on it. To those who cannot run to a whole set of this opera I strongly recommend a single LP disc containing the more important scenes, admirably sung by Ramon Vinay, Eleanor Steber and Frank Guarrera (Iago). This is from every point of view among the best operatic records I have heard for some time (**Ph.). The complete *Falstaff*, conducted by Toscanini (**H.M.V.), represents a stroke of luck, for the original recording, made in America some years ago, was said to be unusably bad. The result of all the tinkering that has gone on is remarkably good: of course, it is not perfect, especially at the beginning, but the singing is on the whole so good, the orchestral part so scintillating, that the musical and dramatic pleasure given by this miraculous score (one of the most original in the history of opera) can scarcely be exaggerated. The Toscanini version of Verdi's *Requiem* has not yet arrived in this country; meanwhile, we are offered two new sets, one conducted by De Sabata (C.), the other by Fricsay (*DG.). The former is a disconcerting affair: except in the *Dies irae*, which is crudely theatrical, De Sabata seems bent on obtaining a devotional effect by adopting tempi so absurdly slow that the music often goes to sleep and by keeping the soft passages below the level at which they can be heard (*e.g.*, the first page). Moreover, the intonation of the chorus is so vague that in the unaccompanied passages the harmony cannot really be discerned. The German set, on the other hand, is a distinct success—splendidly recorded, furnished with a chorus that is both pure in tone and strong enough to tell against odds, and with a quartet of soloists capable of making clear 4-part harmony (but the soprano and the mezzo do not blend well in the *Agnus Dei*). The tempi are all eminently right, Verdi's dynamic markings (O wonder!) are nearly always scrupulously observed and the big tuttis make a glorious body of sound. The performance lacks the voluptuous sound quality conferred by the best Italian voices; but elsewhere the gain is very great. This is a deeply musical issue, which, had it not been for the inferiority of the mezzo, would certainly have been double-starred.

The transference of the pre-war Glyndebourne set of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* to LP (H.M.V.) has been rather well done, for the generally high quality of the performance is always perceptible and the whole thing continues to be very much alive. On the debit side must be placed a certain amount of pitch-wavering, variable surfaces, dry orchestral tone, and a tendency for the big ensembles to retire into dim confusion (especially noticeable at the end of Act 1). As the souvenir of a memorable performance the set is adequate; but, in view of the virtual certainty that we shall soon be offered a new set of the opera from Vienna, cast as for the Festival Hall last year, discophiles might be well advised to wait. It is, on the other hand, unlikely that we shall soon hear a better cast than that assembled for Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri* (**C.), though Mario Petri's furry and insubstantial voice is most unsuited to his part. But the delicious little opera is beautifully rehearsed and the orchestral part brilliantly played. I wish I could say the same of the Final Scene of Strauss's *Capriccio*, backed by portions of *Arabella*, in which Lisa della Casa is joined by Alfred Poell, and by "Es gibt ein Reich" from *Ariadne* (D.). This is a very disappointing issue, for, although it does contain the lovely intermezzo preceding the Countess's final monologue, as well as the part of the majordomo (both missing in the otherwise exquisite Schwarzkopf record), Lisa della Casa does not make nearly as much of the words as Mme Schwarzkopf, nor is the orchestral part at all incisively played. In fact, despite the beautiful tone of Mme della Casa's voice, this is a dull record; even the *Arabella* excerpts are far better sung (and there are more of them) on the single **C. disc, where Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is ably supported by an admirable cast which includes Gedda, Metternich and Walter Berry, and the Philharmonic Orchestra produces some strikingly beautiful tone under Lovro von Matacic.

The *Missa Caput* of the fifteenth-century Burgundian, Dufay, can be strongly recommended on other than antiquarian grounds. The several sections show great resourcefulness in melodic invention and variety of choral texture: the music is rich in surprises and contains not a dull moment. The Mass is sung unaccompanied except for a single trombone, which doubles the

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cantus firmus in passages where this might be in danger of being lost sight of. The work is beautifully sung by the Ambrosian Singers under Denis Stevens (*OL), and the recording, though not perfectly clear in forte, is otherwise very faithful.

Despite some woolliness about the flute solos, and phrasing that falls short of perfection in the first movement, I think most readers will find Toscanini's version of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony the one to possess (**H.M.V.), for the strength and vitality of the music is wonderfully conveyed. In the same composer's Cello Concerto Pierre Fournier gives a large and meditative performance, rather than the passionate one we admired in his now deleted SP set. But his new reading (excellently accompanied and recorded) is no less acceptable in its way (**D.) So, I feel, is David Oistrakh's marvellously athletic and eloquent account of Sibelius's Violin Concerto (**C). Some may continue to prefer Camilla Wicks's performance, as getting further inside the music; but the fact that her record, besides being more expensive, starts almost a semitone sharp, should be borne in mind. In Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto Oistrakh's expressive rubato, his sinuous and alluring style, are quite irresistible and perfectly in style. His violin is admirably recorded, but the tuttis are a bit mushy (*DG). Not so the tuttis, or indeed any other kind of passage, in the **DG issue of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. I for one expect to remain satisfied for years with this splendidly controlled performance in which the Berlin Philharmonic, under Ferenc Fricsay, give a beautiful exhibition, both of ensemble and of individual timbres.

The new "Archive" issue of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, by the Basel Schola Cantorum, offers the kind of antiquarian performance, complete with baroque flutes, a squeaky trumpet and deliberate alterations of pitch, of which Hindemith would presumably approve. The recordings, made in different places, differ widely in quality; but, even at their best, they seem to me unlikely to appeal to those who, for instance, have recently been enjoying the brilliant performances, with modern instruments, in the Geraint Jones concerts at the Festival Hall.

In many ways I prefer Campoli's account of the solo in Elgar's Violin Concerto to Heifetz's: there is no tendency to mechanical efficiency, the slow movement is played in a more leisurely and much more inward manner and Sir Adrian Boult conducts the orchestral part in better concerto style than Sir Malcolm Sargent. On the other hand, there is some strain in the prolonged cadential passages and the main portions of the Finale have not enough fire or assurance. Nevertheless, this is a treasurable disc (*D). I feel it my unpleasant duty to inform readers that those who were (rightly, I still think) enthusiastic about Ingrid Haebler's first record of Mozart Piano Concertos (**V), are likely to be much disappointed by her second offering, which couples K414 and 595. Her playing here is colourless, dispirited and cautious; and the orchestral parts are perfunctorily done. Highly recommended: BARTOK: *Divertimento and Dance Suite* (RIAS Orch/Fricsay. **DG); FAURE: *Pelléas et Mélisande Suite;* RAVEL: Pieces (LSO/Poulet. **P).

I find it impossible to withold a second star from Rosalyn Tureck's complete set of Bach's Forty-eight (**B), although the recording is definitely not resonant enough and the surfaces are sometimes distractingly heavy; for this is wonderfully judged playing, rising at times (*e.g.*, the E flat minor Prelude in Book I) to visionary heights. Nobody who has heard Miss Tureck's revolutionary readings of Bach will wish to forgo this set.

Two Beethoven issues call for special attention: Solomon's coupling of the "Moonlight" and "Les Adieux" Sonatas (**H.M.V.), and the Badura-Skoda/Fournier/Janigro version of the "Archduke" Trio (**N.). In the first Solomon repeats, as exactly as may be, his very impressive performance of the "Moonlight" that he recorded on SP soon after the war; his "Les Adieux," too, is full of passages delicately perceived, yet firmly grasped with the masculine intelligence which is so distinctive a feature of this pianist's technique. In the Finale the balance between the hands is particularly good, and the whole movement bounces joyfully along without the sense of effort most modern pianists betray in executing this very tricky music. The new "Archduke" appears to me the best LP version now available. With its luminous piano tone, its rounded strings, and its general comprehension of the wide-flung work, this performance will content most people for some time to come. The cellist is perhaps a little too self-effacing in the Andante, which otherwise moves heavenwards in its appointed fashion. The same ensemble have recorded, most acceptably, three of Haydn's best Piano Trios (**N.). Another Trio, this time a contemporary one, by Lennox Berkeley, for horn, violin and piano, comes to us from the capable hands of Dennis Brain, Manoug Parikian and Colin Horsley (**H.M.V.). After four playings of this absorbing Trio I conclude that it is the finest piece of instrumental music Mr. Berkeley has yet given us. It is a very full-sized work and each of the three movements are examples of masterly composition. At the same time the inspiration is quite unforced—indeed most poetic—and the difficult combination of instruments is turned to positive advantage, giving us no sense of a work written to order. The more one listens to this piece the more one finds in it, for it is most beautifully played and capably recorded, though the last few bars may give trouble on some gramophones (the side is a very long one). On the reverse, Mozart's Quintet in E flat, K 452, played by the Colin Horsley Wind Ensemble, fares less well: the wind playing is spick enough, but Mr. Horsley, seldom at his best in Mozart, delivers his important part at once heavily and tentatively, as if he had the composer at his elbow. The result is rather dull, but I hope readers will not allow this to deter them from buying the disc, for the sake of the Berkeley alone.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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The above Fund was established with a view to fostering literature in Ireland as a Memorial to the late George Russell (A. E.) in gratitude for the dedication of his great gifts to Ireland.

Awards are made periodically from the Fund in recognition of literary work, creative or scholarly, already published, or of similar unpublished work, which, in the opinion of the Advisory Committee constituted to consider the Awards, is of a high standard of merit. Such Awards may also be made for similar work planned although not yet completed.

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Applications for the 1955 Award, accompanied by three copies of the work or works to be considered, from persons of Irish birth, ordinarily resident in any part of Ireland, including that part known as Northern Ireland, who had not on 1st January, 1955, attained the age of 35 years, should be made on or before the 1st November, 1955, to the Trustee of the Fund:—
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Reprints and New Editions

To commemorate this year's Brontë centenary (Charlotte died on March 31, 1855) Macdonald's have added to their Illustrated Classics, at 10*s.* 6*d.* each, the family's two most famous novels. *Wuthering Heights* appears in the text of the first (1847) edition, with an introduction by Daphne du Maurier and illustrations by Werner Stein; *Jane Eyre*, introduced by Janet Adam Smith, illustrated by Lynton Lamb, has the text of the third edition (1848), the latest known to have had the author's revision.

Other novels reprinted are: *Bleak House* (Macdonald, 10*s.* 6*d.*, with the original Phiz illustrations); *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (Dent, 7*s.*); Peacock's *Maid Marian* and *Crotchet Castle* in one volume (Macmillan, 6*s.*); *Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent* and *The White Peacock* in Heinemann's Phoenix edition of D. H. Lawrence (7*s.* 6*d.* each); Conrad's *Lord Jim* (Nelson, 5*s.*).

Among non-fiction new editions are Sir George Thomson's Home University volume on *The Atom* (Oxford, 6*s.*), Eric Roll's *History of Economic Thought* (Faber, 30*s.*) and Norbert Wiener's *Human Use of Human Beings* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 18*s.*), all revised; A. J. A. Symons's *Quest for Corvo*, with some new material in an appendix (Cassell, 18*s.*); Francis Toye's *Rossini* (Barker, 16*s.*), Arnold Haskell's *Diaghileff*, largely re-illustrated (Gollancz, 18*s.*); Reginald Morrish's *Police and Crime Detection Today* (Oxford, 12*s.* 6*d.*) and Medica's *Any Wife or Any Husband* (Heinemann, 10*s.*). Mr. Middleton Murry has written a long new introduction to his *Shakespeare* (Cape, 18*s.*), and to his *Keats* (Cape, 21*s.*) he has added an examination of Mr. Robert Gittings's theories on Keats's relations with Mrs. Isabella Jones. Charles Williams's *Taliessin through Logres* and *The Region of the Summer Stars* are available in one volume (Oxford, 12*s.* 6*d.*), and Gerald Bullett's anthology *The Testament of Light* has been revised and enlarged (Dent, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,311

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Miss C. V. Wedgwood writes in *The King's Peace* that "the Devil, in many forms, bestrode the islands from end to end. Sometimes he was 'a proper gentelman with a laced band,' as when he came to Elizabeth Clarke at Chelmsford; at other times you might know him, as Rebecca Jones at St. Osyth did, by his great glaring eyes. He was cold and sensual and rather mean; he offered Priscilla Collit of Dunwich only ten shillings for her immortal soul; she gave it him and off he went without paying."

The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary account of an encounter with the Devil at noonday. Limit 150 words. Entries by April 19.

Result of No. 1,308

Set by Denis Dymchurch

Competitors are invited to suggest names in the puritan fashion (*e.g.*, Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron) to suit: Clement Attlee, Aneurin Bevan, Dr. Pontecorvo, Sir Anthony Eden, the Dean of Canterbury, Sir Richard Acland, Lady Docker, Evelyn Waugh, Arthur Deakin. Libel will lead to disqualification. Prizes for the best sets of three.

Report

It was not essential to draw from the Bible, but none of the home-made concoctions could stand up in force and conviction to the best of the Biblical names. On the other hand, it *was* a name we asked for, not a text: and several Bible passages, apt enough in themselves, were hopelessly out of key as names—*e.g.* P. Holtby's "Aneurin-Syntyche-beseech-thee-be-a-true-yoke-fellow-as-

labour-with-me-Clement-also-and-the-rest-of-my fellow-workers-whose-names-are-in-the-book Bevan" (from *Philippians* 4.3) and John Gowing's "Aneurin-every-one-that-was-discontented-gathered-themselves-unto-him-and-he-became-a-captain-over-them Bevan."

There was a good deal of duplication: conscientious rummaging in the middle reaches of the Old Testament produced several "Norah-consider-the-lilies-of-the-field Docker"; other notions hit upon by more than one were "Hewlett-fill-his-belly-with-the-East-wind Johnson" and "Clement-let-not-thy-left-hand-know-what-thy-right-hand-doeth Attlee."

First prize of one and a half guineas to Alberick whose three appellations combined appropriateness and snap; second prizes of a guinea each to Tom Putt, to A. W. Dicker and to Trooper Jones, who perhaps exceeded the terms of the competition by furnishing his characters with an Old Testament first name as well as a phrase; third prizes of half a guinea each to Vera Telfer, Allan M. Laing, Leslie Johnson and H. A. C. Evans who each scored two hits only. Honourable mention to the following who had one good one each: S. Augustine ("Lady Sheba-Thou-hast-fashioned-me-behind-and-before Docker"), R. Brain ("Clement-Cleanse-them-from-all-their-iniquity Attlee"), Apple Tree ("Evelyn-as-the-heavens-are-higher-than-the-earth-so-are-my-ways-higher-than-your-ways Waugh"), Sunbeam ("Lady-do-as-you-would-be-done-by Docker").

Aneurin-nigh-unto-the-brethren Bevan.
Hewlett-ruddier-than-rubies Johnson.
Richard-pelican-in-the-wilderness Acland.

ALBERICK

Richard-behold-a-man-running-alone Acland.
Norah-I-have-prepared-marbles-in-abundance Docker.
Hewlett-the-man-with-the-Line-went-forth-eastward Johnson.

TOM-ALL-RUN-BUT-ONE-RECEIVETH-THE-PRIZE PUTT

Dr.-get-thee-hence-and-turn-thee-eastward Pontecorvo.
Sir Richard-come-ye-out-from-among-them-and-be-ye-separate Acland
Arthur-the-labourer-is-worthy-of-his-hire Deakin.

A. W. DICKER

Achitophel-be-ye-wise-as-serpents-and-gentle-as-doves Attlee.
Gideon-art-thou-he-that-should-come Bevan.
Gehazi-make-to-yourselves-friends-of-the-Mammon-of-Unrighteousness Deakin.

TROOPER JONES

Clement-purge-out-from-among-you-the-rebels Attlee.

Anthony-let-a-double-portion-of-thy-spirit-be-upon-me Eden.

VERA TELFER

Aneurin-smite-them-with-the-sword-of-his-mouth Bevan.
Doctor-fly-before-the-face-of-the-Lord Pontecorvo.

ALLAN M. LAING

Aneurin-fill-my-mouth-with-arguments Bevan.
Hewlett-God-maketh-my-heart-soft Johnson.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Dr. Hewlett-we-have-seen-his-star-in-the-east Johnson.
Lady-riches-and-honour-are-with-me Docker.

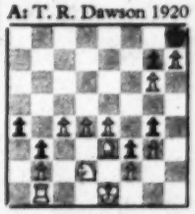
H. A. C. EVANS

The Chess Board

No. 288 Putting Them Up Again

Most of us would be annoyed by an opponent refusing to resign a position as hopeless as **A**. True enough, the mate is still 4 moves off, but in contriving it White might as well save some time by starting to put the pieces up again. After so broad a hint my offer of 4 ladder-points must be quite as generous as some of those sales bargains for which women are said to queue up all night. Being a mere mate in 1 **B**, at first sight, may seem to be even more of a bargain for 6 points. It may well be, but there is one little snag, and I will say no more than that our legally minded competitors would do well to subject the position to some earnest scrutiny before attempting a solution. In **C** Black's position appears to be somewhat cramped, and we can hardly blame White for his exuberance in proposing a bet that all he had to do was to play Kt-QB2 so as to make quite sure of winning his opponent's Q a couple of moves later. The bet was readily accepted, and White lost it. Why? And how, by proceeding somewhat differently, could White have lived up to his threat after all? To offer as much as 3 points for each of the two questions would hardly seem to be stingy; but it must be the festive spirit of Easter that prompts me to offer all of 7 points for **D**—a mere 4-mover—and to add a very helpful hint too. Surely, at first glance, Q-Q6 looks like an unanswerable key-move? But what about Black simply castling out of danger? Is there any reason why Black should be debarred from castling? There certainly isn't; not yet, at any rate. How then can White force the mate in 4 anyway?

A: T. R. Dawson 1920



B: R. Anton 1953

C: H. Klüver 1926

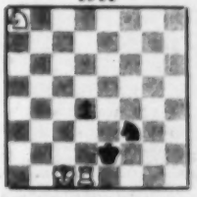
D: E. Zepler 1929

E and **F** are both wins for White, and each of them has some subtle little catch. I mustn't give any hints, though, if I am to rate them as high as 8 and 9 points, thereby reaching the grand total of 40 ladder-points to be garnered this holiday week-end.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 18.

E: E. L. Mair 1955

F: Gerbec & Karstedt 1944



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 285. Set March 19

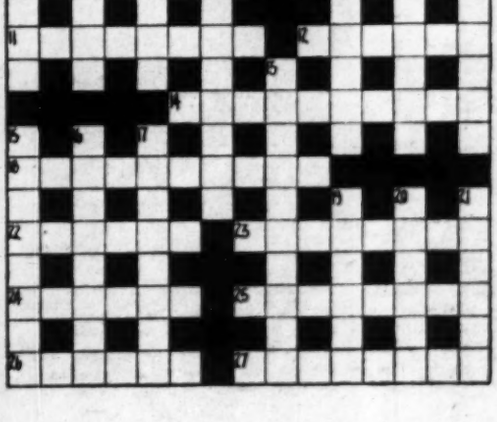
A: (1) Q-KB6, R-KKt1 (2) B x B ch, R x B (3) B x P, etc.
B: (1) R-R7, R-K1, (2) P-Q7, R-K2, (3) P-Q8, etc.
if (1) . . . R-R2, (2) P x P, etc.
C: (1) K-Kt4?, K-K1, (2) K-Kt5, K-K2, (3) K-B5, K-Q2, (4) K-B6, K-K1, (5) K-Kt5, etc.
But (1) K-K3? would be defeated by K-K2, (2) K-Q3, K-Q2 (3) K-B3(K3), K-B2, (4) K-Q3, K-Kt3, (5) K-Q4, K-B3, etc.
Black would also win after (1) K-Kt5?, K-K1!, (2) K-B5, K-K2!, (3) K any, K-K3, etc.

Many stumped by **C**. Even so, nearly a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, C. H. Brown, E. W. Carmichael, J. C. Cock, W. T. Maccall.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 147

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 147, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Apr. 19.



ACROSS

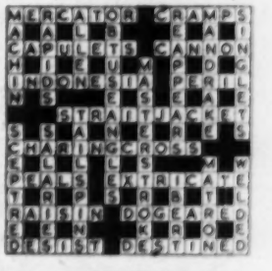
1. Explorers' companions follow the manuscript after a meal (8).
5. Like the sceptre and learning, it must come to dust (6).
9. War house general (8).
10. Some electricity is generated when mother and father face each other (6).
11. Naval action around a Chinese province (8).
12. Wallets necessitate a final alteration in handwriting (6).
14. Used, but only for a short time? (10).
18. They make plans and I am surrounded by the chief detective in front of the back street (10).
22. A girl had food for discussion (6).
23. A waterfall makes a sailor do something in the end (8).
24. An article which is in the van (6).
25. This plant has a struggle all round the border (8).
26. District of the Union in which there is a cruel man (6).
27. Not a free agent, but ends by being an expert (8).

DOWN

1. Make mother request the stuff (6).
2. Where there is bull-fighting undergo ill-treatment from horns (6).
3. Caught in the mixture of races (6).
4. Turned green in a mild upset and pretended to be ill (10).
6. It is murder and I am with the detectives in the institution (8).
7. Writer whose lowest point finally turns up underneath her (8).
8. The side-cars are smashed up, but the heroine is not damaged (8).
13. For this place the direction is all right but the range must be altered (10).
15. Early flier who finishes late whenever he goes up (8).
16. The poet concludes where the sword is hidden (8).
17. The teacher tries changes in the manuscripts (8).
19. Materials for skirts? (6).
20. Isolate a colour (6).
21. Saint and philosopher with powers of endurance? (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 145



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 145

E. W. Beal (*London, S.W.7*), *Miss A. A. Wiersma* (*Kingston-upon-Thames*), *Mrs. B. Brooman* (*Bristol*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Brotherton Library. Applications are invited for appointment as Deputy Librarian. The salary scale is £1,250×£50—£1,650, and the initial salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. A good honours degree and administrative experience in a library are essential. Professional diplomas would be additional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than April 23, 1955.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Appointment of County Lecturer in Needlecraft Subjects. Applications are invited for appointment as county lecturer in needlecraft subjects (chiefly dressmaking, embroidery and needlework), with salary in accordance with Grade B of the Burnham Scale for assistants in further education establishments (£475×£20–£655 per annum) together with any additions payable under Section C of the Report. Applicants should be able to establish good personal relationships with their colleagues in the service, and with leaders and members of voluntary organisations in the towns and villages, and be prepared to develop the work which has already been established. There is plenty of room for experiment and much new ground to be broken. Applicants should be able to drive a car. Travel and subsistence expenses will be payable in accordance with the County Council's scale. Although experience will be an asset, personal initiative and ability to teach the various stages of the needlecraft subjects are the principal requirements for a post of this type in which successful work should give the experience required for a more responsible appointment. Forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

PERSONNEL Officer Trainees required by the Philips group of companies. Several young men, and possibly one or two women, will be engaged in the near future to work on a variety of personnel management jobs in different establishments in the Philips Group. Trainees will be employed on specific jobs during their period of training, and, if they prove suitable, will be offered permanent appointments wherever possible at the end of a training period. In any case, it is thought that the training time will be valuable experience. Candidates should, if possible, have taken, or be taking, the one year full-time personnel management course, or the part-time evening course and should be of degree standard. They should be prepared to move to any part of the country, although probably most of the training time will be spent in the London area or in Lancashire. Applications should be sent in writing to Mr. D. F. Hutchison, Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, marked P.O./1.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted Sept. graduate man (under 30 preferred) to teach English and French to children aged 10 to 13. Ability to take Games and/or P.E. a strong recommendation. Recognised, co-educational, progressive day school. Salary: Burnham (London). King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

WARDEN required for experimental children's Club in North London with membership of 325 between 5 and 15 years. Training and experience, initiative and interest in work essential, plus ability to control staff of paid and voluntary workers and to interest parents, visitors and trainees. Appointment May 1, 1955, salary £500 per annum. Request for application form enclosing stamped addressed envelope should reach the Secretary, S.C.F. Junior Clubs, 12 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1, within five days of the appearance of this advt.

ASSISTANT Warden required for boys' hostel in London. Some youth club or similar experience necessary. Assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Commencing salary £4 per week; live in, all found. Applications in writing to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, London, S.W.7.

YOUTH Hostels Association require Private Secretary/Committee Clerk to act as personal assistant to National Secretary. Enthusiasm for the Association's ideals and willingness to attend a number of week-end meetings essential. The office will be moving to St. Albans in Autumn, 1955. Applications, stating age, experience (including shorthand and typing speeds), earliest date available and salary required to National Secretary, Youth Hostels Association, Welwyn Garden City, marked "Personal."

ANIMAL Protection Society requires educated, intelligent young man or woman able to write and lecture. Preference for University graduate and ability to drive car. Starting salary £500 p.a. Box 5928.

SHORTHAND-typist required for this journal. Publishing/advertising experience useful. Write to Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ARCHITECT or experienced Assistant required by "The Architects' Journal." Ability to write fluently and well and a sound knowledge of construction and contemporary building technique essential. Will be expected to write reports on buildings, supervise the production of technical architectural drawings, commission and sub-edit technical articles and assist production. Please reply to The Editor, "The Architects' Journal," 9 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

EDUCATION and Training Officer (Woman) required by the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Experience of youth work essential. Graduate in Social Science or Arts desirable. London headquarters but considerable travelling involved. Family allowance and superannuation scheme. Application forms and further particulars from Employment Officer, N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30-32 Devonshire Street, W.1.

REQUIRED for hostel-school in Hampshire for maladjusted children, a woman staff member for needlework, a little gardening and some help with children out of school hours. Suit practical-minded woman fond of children and country life. Box 6006.

ADVERTISING Representative wanted for a well-known monthly journal and two quarterlies, with experience of publishers' and general advertising. Good prospects for young man or woman. Box 6003.

BONUS Clerk or Statistician, female, aged 19-45, wanted as personal assistant to the Work Study engineer of a South London Manufacturing Concern. Commencing salary £325, rising by increments of £25 every six months to £500. Apply in writing, stating age, experience, etc., to Box 6005.

TEMPORARY post—6 months, organising reception of foreign students for Farm Camps. Languages an asset. Form of application from the National Union of Students' Vacation Work Organiser, No. 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

RECEPTIONISTS (male), age 20-25, required by leading travel bureau for branches London & Home Counties. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

LITERATE secretary required by consultant editors/print designers. Hard work but good prospects First-class shorthand-typing essential. Box 5404.

BOOK Publishers require efficient secretary. Reasonable aptitude for figures essential. Box 6000.

WINE Shipper needs intell., reliable secretary. Interesting varied work, but must be prepared to dogs-body. Box 5853.

ADVERTISING Novelty Mnfrs. require efficient shorthand correspondent to administrate small office. Also agents/reps. required. Closed Jewish holidays. Write Convex, 41 Brecknock, Rd., N.7.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

THE Rationalist Press Association requires Telephonist for small switchboard. Some clerical duties; typing ability useful. Also part-time typist for invoicing and general clerical work. Write full details to 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

QUALIFIED bilingual secy./translator, Engl.-German, evgs./wkends. Box 5963.

EXPERIENCED School Secretary requires full- or part-time position. Non-resident. Box 5782.

YG. lady sks. interesting Sec. post with Film Coy./T.V.. CUN. 6272 or Box 5855.

EXPD. Sec., 28, fluent Engl./Hebrew/Germ., sks. interesting post. Box 5804.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn. W.1. May. 6626.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

ATTRAC. Div. Bed-sitter (v. large dble.), ground fl. Ev. conven. Recently dec. & furn. Nr. buses/Tube. Avail. Apr. 17. Gentleman only. MAI. 0908 before 1 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

GUEST House, Highgate, N.6. Sgle./dble. from 3*gns.* Bkfst./Dinner. MOU. 3676.

FURN. flat to let, 3 rms., nr. Woodside Pk. Stn. Special terms for married schoolmaster. Box 5985.

SMALL furn. bedrm., use kit., bathrm. & lounge in pleasant flat, Muswell Hill. Suit bus. lady or nurse. Box 5980.

NEWLY furnished bed-sitting rooms with h. & c., gas rings & fires. Comfortable lounge and television room. With breakfast, single from 4*gns.*, double from 6*gns.* Apply 29 Orsett Terrace, Bayswater, W.2. Nr. Paddington Station. CUN. 9298.

BACHELOR (orth. Jewish) offers bed-sitting room in modern flat. C.h. St. John's Wood. PRI. 3244/3106, or Box 5956.

SELF-contd. bed-sit. in lady's home, unlimited hot water, room for piano, linen by arrangement; mid-April. Box 5767.

TWO unfurnished rooms, kitchenette, available in exchange few light household duties. Tel. evenings, UPL. 3735.

ACCOMMODATION offered with vegetarian family. Overseas students or visitors welcome. From 4½*gns.* HAR. 1202.

BEDSITTERS with good k. & b. facilities available from 45*s.* in young graduate household in delightful house overlooking Barnes Common. 5 mins. Putney, Hammersmith Tubes. Buses pass door. 'Phone to be installed next month. Call after 6 or write, 411 Upper Richmond Rd., S.W.15.

BAKER St., large furn. bed-sitting room, share bath, kit., frig., etc., share expenses. £2 10*s.* p.w. (woman). Box 5919.

FURN. Bedsit., kit., linen, crockery, own 'phone, 2 girls. £3 10*s.* ROD. 5882.

BACHELOR offers share modern flat near Victoria, Westminster. 30*s.* p.w. Box 5794 or MAC. 6832 evenings.

REDECORATED furnished flatlet, one large room, own kitchen and toilet. Fully equipped. Bromley. RAV. 0533.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

UNIQUE holiday accommodation for group of two, three or four people in completely equipped, self/contd. flat on large yacht moored Pembrokeshire river. Write Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

RENT-free for summer or longer: picturesque slum, remote Essex village: accommodates 3: needs redecorating. Box 5960.

COMF. furn. beach cottage to let, old-world corner Thanet. Quiet but convenient. Sleep 4-5. Garden. All services. Box 5738

C'WALL. Portmellon, Mevagissey. Small furn. house, priv. beach, elec., water, tel. Winter 2½*gns.* wk. Sept. 21, '55-July 31, '56 inc., £165. 1 Northmoor Rd., Oxford.

TO Let: W. Donegal, on Atlantic Seaboard, lge. furn. house, accom. 10/12. Excellent river, lake & sea fishing. Mrs. J. F. O'Donnell, Burton Port, Letterkenny.

IS there anybody, not interested in exploitation, who has small unfurn. flat to let to young woman, commercial artist, and 9-year-old daughter? N.W.3 area. Will pay up to £200 p.a. Excellent refs. Box 5957.

UNF. S.C. flat/house, 4 beds., balcony/garden, reqd. by family three (child 7), returning England July. Surrey, N.W. London/Kensington. 30 mins. West End. Careful tenants. Box 5920.

COUPLE, both teaching, school-age daughter, sk. unfurnished s/c flat/cottage, S.E. London or Kent. Box 5777.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BUNGALOW in Sussex, 5 rooms and bathroom. Solid construction. Water, gas, electricity, ¼-acre secluded garden. Open situation but close post and buses. Freehold £2,100. Harrison, Mountview, Crescent Rise, Storrington.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING, Duplicating, etc. Moderate terms. Accurate work. Fearon Typewriting Services, 31 Queens House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER. 4969.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—cont.

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THESES, MSS., circulars, booklets, etc., typed, duplicated. Doris Puffett, 13 Wellington St., Castle, Northwich, Cheshire.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating Serv. (est. 1935). 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Public/private meetings, conferences, etc., reported. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

CURE Chaps with bad appetites by giving them a little of Rayner's piquant Indian Mango Chutney.

GUITARS on easy terms, finger style models for £2 10*s.* deposit, 3*s.* 9*d.* weekly. Free lists. Write to Stanley Lewis (Dept. N.S.), 36 Wardour St., W.1. GER. 4575.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

£5 Week Sickness/Accident Insurance. Prem. £6. Broker, 130 Balfour Road, Ilford.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

STOP That Cold meal from becoming unappetising by adding a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

INTERESTED in the guitar? Send for lists of music, albums, books, magazines, etc. Free on request. Clifford Essex, 8 New Compton St., London, W.C.2.

SCHOOLS

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu Leman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. Holiday course. Winter in the mountains! English refs. Prospectus.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ODAM Hill Farm School, Romansleigh, South Molton for boys & girls who want to become farmers. Entry 11-13 years. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—cont. from p. 320

EARLY Summer Holidays. Winter terms until end May at Normanhurst, the small quiet hotel in "Britain's Best Climate." 4½/7*gns.* (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms) fully inclsve. Rec. by rdrs. Cen. htg. everywhere when cool; Slumberlands. Illus. brochures. Vegetarian if desired. Facing Sth. betwn. Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Also bkng. for Summer, 5½/8*gns.* Book early. 'Phone: Hastings 4784.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

SIMPLE country Guest House, Cotswold valley. Own produce. 5½-7*gns.* Easter weekend 18*s.*-21*s.* daily. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entire'y vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

ENJOY a holiday in a most delightful resort on the Costa Brava. Reasonable terms. Write Pension Casablanca, San Feliu de Guixols, Costa Brava, Spain.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine, Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CARINTHIA. Fam. Hotel nr. Lake Faak. Full bd. fr. 8*s.* 9*d.* dly. inc. Box 5850.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin, 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5*s.* from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

PERSONAL

CAR rqd., small H.P. & mileage, recent yr. Below £400. No dealers. Box 5909.

HOUSEBOAT for sale, 27ft conversion, £150. Well fitted. Excellent moorings near Richmond. Calor gas, electricity. 'Phone GLA. 9812 after 7 p.m.

GRAD.—(for.) shs. work in/nr. Lond., 2 months/more. Anything cons. Box 5899.

ETCHER & clean, silent ½-ton press req. strong-floored living/wkg. acc. London. Use press offd. landlord, poss. Box 5888.

SPAIN: Two students (m. & f.) require similar couple for holiday, late May/early June. Box 5832.

LADY shs. others travel car/rail Lourdes, Riviera, Rome mid-April. Box 5891.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

SPAIN/South France, 2 seats avail. Citroen. Dep. Apr. 17 returning London by 30th. Return or single trip. Box 5995.

COMFORTABLE room with free board in pleas. home offered to lady under 60, in return for cooking help to German-speaking elderly couple (domestic help kept). Write full partics. with refs. Box 5932.

FRENCH Riviera, Nice, in lady's private house, twin-divan & double-bed rooms, £15 monthly. Also single, suitable student £9 monthly. References essential. Write Mr. Novi, 10 Argyll Road, W.8.

EXPLORE the Thames! Dinghy with outboard, full camping equipment for 2, 5*gns.* weekly. Box 5536.

BACHELOR, 28, educated, wide interests, seeks companion (m.), similar age, for inexpensive holiday. Box 5722.

YOUNG man (28) with "Tenor" voice now unable afford further training wd. welc. & appreciate any help offd. Box 5721.

WEAVER of rugs urgently needs working space (studio pref., but not essent.), plus living acc. (London). Blameless character (ex-medico), good tenant. N.B. Advertiser is impecunious craftsman; owners of lush academician's studios need not apply. Peter Collingwood, 116 Elthorne Rd., N.19.

READY for the road. Tradnl. gypsy caravan. Elsan, coalfire. Home for 2. £130 or offer. Apply to view. Creighton, Greyvan, Histon Footpath, Girton, Cambs.

SOCIALIST Printer, modern plant, seeks capital through partnership or loan. Box 5532.

FOREIGNER wants Elocution and English lessons. Write Box 5969.

COUPLE with sailing craft cruising Thames Estuary offer weeks/weekends, 1-2 guests. FREmantle 0405 for terms.

SINGLE woman driver, 35, wd. like join another 2 wks. sun, sea. Box 5446.

A "WESTERN" from the Far East! Don't miss "Girl of the Grasslands," a new film from China showing one day only—April 17—at the Scala Theatre. Details in Entertainments column on back page.

40 Artists and Students are required immediately to train for Cartoon Film production. Low fees with studio contract guaranteed to all successful students. Essential qualifications—drawing ability and imagination. Director, Heatherley Film Group, 33 Warwick Sq., London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

"BUY for Peace"—British Peace Committee Spring Fair, Holborn Hall, April 15, 6-10 p.m.; April 16, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. International Goods, Stamps, Bookcases, Coffee Tables, modern table lamps and shades. All at bargain prices.

AT Geneva. A home eqpmnt. for sale or hire. Carved oak dining suite (endious. sidebrd., extnsble. table, 4/2 chairs). Drawg. rm. suite (soft, easy chairs, tbls., antq. oak crnr. cpbrd., bkcases, radgrm. autmt. change). Gdn. chairs, etc. Payable here or Geneva. Geneva 257653 or GUL. 7934 or Box 5875.

SECRETARY would appreciate French conversation in exchange for typing assistance or English lessons. Box 4053.

TRAVELLING? Yng. woman (30) offers intrepreting, driving, typing, welfare July 30-Sept. 6 in exch. expenses. Box 5819.

URGENT for Australian researcher, loan £200. Suggestion welc. Refs. Box 5670.

YOUNG man, experienced and able writer, willing to undertake memoirs, ghosting, etc., for moderate fee. Box 5939.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni. 'Phone WELbeck 3091 or RICHmond 3286.

ENGLISH literature or language tutoring by Cambridge Ph.D. in Chelsea. Box 5999.

ANTIQUE porcelain, 18th cent., wanted. Box 5959 or 'phone MAIda Vale 1298.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ALDWYCH. TEM. 6404. Thur., April 14, Diana Wynyard, Margalo Gillmore, Malcolm Keen in "The Bad Seed."

FORTUNE. TEM. 2238. "The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots." Apr. 9.

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Androcles & the Lion," Shaw. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "South." Mems. 10*s.* yrly.

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ROYAL Festival Hall. Monday, April 18, at 7.30. In the Gracious Presence of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent. I. R. Maxwell presents World Première of "Don Giovanni." A performance conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler filmed during the Salzburg Festival, 1954, by Paul Czinner (for Harmony Films, Ltd.) Tickets: 5*gns.*, 3*gns.*, 2*gns.*, 1*gn.*, from J. H. Lawrie, 3 Soho Square, W.1. In aid of the English Opera Group.

BULGARIAN State Song and Dance Company of 110, Winter Garden Theatre, Drury Lane, W.C.2, from April 11 next, for a limited season. Mon. to Fri. at 7.45, Sats. at 5.30 and 8.30. Circle 16*s.* 6*d.*, 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* Stalls 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* Balcony (unreserved) 2*s.* 6*d.* For party bookings all seats (except Balcony) reduced 1*s.* from Box Office, Hol. 8881/9020, Cha. 3875.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin) "Mediaeval Court Music"—(a) Indian, (b) European—on Friday, Apr. 15, 8 p.m., at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Jnt. Mtg. with I.S.U. Adm. memb. 1*s.* 6*d.* Guests 3*s.* Also May 13, Music of the Philippines at Philippine Embassy; June 7, Music of Vietnam at Royal Empire Society. Ann. Memb. 7*s.* 6*d.* minimum; 2*s.* 6*d.* for Students. Partics. from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Finchley 2934.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until April 10: "Henriette" (A). From April 11: "Windfall in Athens" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., April 9. Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.

TWO Films from China! London Première of "Girl of the Grasslands" and "Chinese Folk Games" in the presence of the Charge d'Affaires of the Chinese Peoples Republic. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Sunday, April 17, 7 p.m. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* from Education Committee, Britain-China Friendship Association, 22B Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, or Scala.

"ITALIAN Straw Hat" (René Clair) and shorts, Sun. April 17, 7 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. For membership write Secretary.

AFRO-West Indian Centre, 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Easter Activities: Get-together, Good Friday, 6-10 p.m. Calypso Dance, Sat., Apr. 9, 7-12 p.m. 3*s.* 6*d.* Social, Sun., Apr. 10, 7-11 p.m. 1*s.* 6*d.* Grand Dance, Mon., Apr. 11, 7-11.30 p.m. 3*s.*

GRAND Easter Dance, Sat., Apr. 9, Royal Hotel, Woburn Pl. (Tube: Russell Sq.), 7.30-12. Ginger Johnson's Latin American Rhythm. Special attraction: Caribbean Cabaret. Org. Caribbean Labour Congress, L/B.

W.A.S.U. All-night Easter Saturday Dance, April 9, 8 p.m.-6.30 a.m. 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Bands: Ambrose Campbell, Ted Macs. Refreshments. Members' Bar. 5*s.* (Members 4*s.*).

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays until May 25, at 5.45. April 13: The Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra (Conductor: Geraint Jones). Leaflets giving full progs. and tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

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ROYAL Festival Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8 p.m. Friedrich Gulda—Piano Recital. Toccata in C minor, Bach; Sonata in B flat, K.333, Mozart; Sonata in D Minor, Op. 31, Beethoven; Twenty-four Preludes, Chopin. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat. Apr. 16, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

POLISH Music at the Indian Students' Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. 7.30, Thurs., April 21. Emelie Hooke, Robert Collet, Cyril Chapman, Patrick Piggott in songs by Szymanowski (Slopiewnie & Songs from Kurpie) and 1st perfs. of works for clarinet and piano. Tickets 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* & 2*s.* 6*d.* at door & from Polish Institute LAN. 1417.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* 6*d.*, post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada, Rugby, until April 17. Admission free.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Hans Christian Andersen Exhibition. Daily 11-5. Thursdays 11-8. Non-members 1*s.* 3*d.*

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Bearsted Collection. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and over Easter. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhib. Paintings by Manolis Calliyannis.

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HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Christo Coetzee. Till April 15.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings: Joe McGill & others. 11-5.30.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Paintings by Eileen Seyd, Valerie Beere, & Francis Lymburner. Part proceeds to U.N.I.C.E.F. Hours 10-5, Mon. to Fri., April 13-29. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

REMEMBER Lidice! A British Rose Garden will be planted in Lidice in June. The official handing over of the roses will take place at Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1, on Thursday, April 21, 7.30 p.m. The Czechoslovak Chargé d'Affairs, the Lord Mayor of Coventry, the Mayor of Lidice and the Rev. Jack Putterill, Vicar of Thaxted, will be among the speakers at this moving ceremony of friendship and remembrance. Other speakers include Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. for Stoke on Trent, Mrs. Mabel Ridealgh, representing Women's Co-operative Guild, Mr. A. Horner, representing the Nat. Union of Mineworkers, Bishop Novak, Prof. Hromadka and Mr. Andrej Bagar.

AUTHORS speak about their books. Jack Lindsay on "The Moment of Choice," just published, and the two other books of his trilogy—"Betrayed Spring" and "Rising Tide." Collet's New Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Wednesday, April 13, at 7 p.m. Tickets 1*s.* from Collet's or at door.

CO-OPERATIVES in "Old & New China." Sunday, April 17, 2.30-6.30. Pindar of Wakefield, Gray's Inn Rd., near King's Cross. Fee: 2*s.* for individuals and delegates. Speakers: P. Townsend, ten years in China; Mrs. M. Ridealgh, Gen. Sec., Women's Co-op. Guild, in China autumn, 1954. Apply Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

"FORMOSA." Hear Gordon Schaffer & Jack Gaster, Thurs., April 14, 8 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall. 6*d.* Hampstead B.C.F.A.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, "Influences on American Foreign Policy Since 1918" (Discussion Meeting), Wed., April 13, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome. 2*s.*

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Good Friday, April 8, 8.15. Gramophone Records. Public lecture, April 15, 8.15. Dr. D. M. Gibson, F.R.C.S.E., "Hahnemann, Founder of Homoeopathy." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Apr. 8. Easter closed. Friday, Apr. 15, Mrs. Vicky Haynes, "Some origins of Wine." Adm. free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Apr. 14, 7.30: Norman Marlow, M.A., on "Indian Philosophy and the West." All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. April 16 at 6. Dr. Marini: "En un hospital londinense."

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell on "Are Analytical Philosophy and Existentialism complementary or antithetical?" 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., April 13, at 7.30 p.m

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Tragic View." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., April 10, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. April 10: "Theosophy and Health."

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